

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 782.—21 May, 1859.—Third Series, No. 60.

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## THE REV. HENRY MELVILL, B.D.\*

THAT all preachers should be orators, or eloquent men, in the technical sense, is not necessary, not even desirable; but surely it is necessary that every minister should know what he is about. Our first impression on hearing and seeing Mr. Melvill, after he had uttered two or three sentences, was one of intense satisfaction, from the simple thought—he understands his work, he is in his place, he believes, and therefore speaks, and, if we mistake not, he will give a reason for the hope that is in him, whilst, withal, from the unaffected modesty of his demeanor, we expect that he will give that reason with meekness and fear. There is no pomposity, no glitter, none of that offensive, “look-at-me” idea which naturally belongs only to weak men, but which sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, creeps upon truly able men who have acquired some degree of popularity. Mr. Melvill is very popular, and perhaps as much so as any clergyman of the Church of England, but he does not *seem* to be aware of it. This is true greatness. He seems to be aware of but one thing, one all-absorbing thought, that he is delivering the message of God to men, and that he must deliver his own soul at the same time from the guilt of concealing any part of that message. We cannot resist the impression that he reverently realizes the presence of his great Master, and speaks of him as in his hearing. The deep solemnity and breathless attention of the congregation prove that they feel this. Every eye is fixed upon the preacher, and every ear is open to hear great truths about God and Christ and the human soul and eternity. Every part of the building is full (remember it is not the day of rest, but eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the very heart of busy London), and many

\* Mr. Melvill holds what is popularly known as the “Golden Lectureship,” the foundation of which was a bequest, by a Mr. Jones, to such “learned and faithful preachers as the Company of Haberdashers of London shall appoint.” This lecture is delivered every Thursday morning at the Church of St. Margaret’s, Lothbury; and the whole of the funds accruing from the gift of the testator are devoted to the benefit of the lecturer. Of course the amount has risen with the increase in the value of property, and it now reaches nearly £500 a year; hence the name of Golden Lectureship.” We have heard an occasional grumble as to such an appointment having been conferred on one who derives an income from the chaplaincy of the Tower, and other sources. We care little about the thing, simply as an affair of money; but right glad we are that the patrons have selected such a man as Mr. Melvill for the important office.

are standing, yet there is no sign of weariness; all are profoundly, eagerly attentive as the preacher proceeds through a paragraph, increasing in rapidity of utterance and volume of voice as he approaches its close, when he seems to be rushing along the narrow way to heaven, and carrying all his hearers with him. It is not the fascination of his eye (though that glows and sparkles with light, and, in earlier life, must have been uncommonly brilliant) that binds the people thus, for he reads every word of his sermons, and consequently it is but at intervals that he glances across the congregation. Nor do we think it is his eloquence, though that is of no common order. It is what he says, rather than how he says it, that entrances the people. His eloquence is certainly a great advantage to him; but it is the thing uttered, at least if we may judge from our own experience, that so deeply interests the people. *He understands the meaning of his text*—the grand secret of successful preaching, so far as human agency is concerned—and he gives his hearers to understand it too, by using clear, forcible, and appropriate language. The following passages, from a sermon we had the privilege of hearing, will illustrate our meaning, and afford specimens both of Mr. Melvill’s theology and logic. The text was Zechariah 12: 10; “And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.” His “plan” was simple and natural: first, he considered what the prediction exhibits as yet to happen to the Jews; and then, in what way, and in what degree, it may be accommodated individually to ourselves. He then proceeded thus:—

“Now, there is no subject presented to us in the unfulfilled prophecies of Scripture that is more adapted to the taking hold on the mind, and engaging all its earnestness, than that of the restoration of the Jews to the land of their fathers. Ever since the Romans came down in their fury upon Jerusalem—the ministers of the vengeance of God, who had been provoked to cast off the once favored people—the earth has been strewn with the fragments of the Tribes; and persecution has proved unable to exterminate them, and kindness as unable to blend them with the rest of

human kind. There has never been the least approach to a polity or government of their own; so that at no time have they assumed such an appearance as should suggest the probability of their combining under one head, or gathering into one land. Scattered over the habitable globe, strangers even where they have made themselves homes, and aliens where they have long had a dwelling; having been presented to the world under an aspect fitted to excite its attention and draw its wonder, their very dispersion has stood as an argument against the likelihood of their restoration; and their separation from every other people has put difficulties in the way of any such gathering of strength as a great movement would appear to demand. And yet, there has been such evident miracle in the distinction which has been kept up between the Jews and the rest of our race, that, even had prophecy been silent, we might almost have thought that a people so separated were reserved for some signal occurrence, for the distinction cannot be accounted for upon any natural principles. Had not God interposed, and both erected and upheld the barrier, it is utterly insupposable but that all their ancient peculiarities would have long ago departed; so that the Jews would have retained none of their original characteristics. And though it may have been one reason for this continued miracle, that there might be a standing witness to the truths of Christianity—a witness which should supersede all necessity for a fresh demonstration of its authority—we may justly say that this would hardly suffice to explain the phenomenon. This does but place the Jews on a level with such cities as Babylon or Tyre, from whose ruins perpetually issues a voice which attests the inspiration of Scripture; and we might fairly conclude, that more was proposed by the continued dispersion of a people, then by the lasting desolation of a town. However this may be, prophecy is most explicit on the great and wonderful fact, that the Jews, notwithstanding their dispersion over all the districts of the earth, are to be collected together at a season appointed of God, and resettled in the Canaan which has been so long trodden down by the Gentiles. The attempt to give a purely spiritual interpretation to a prediction bearing upon this fact, will always, as we think, fail to afford satisfaction, and that, too, upon the simple principle, that the dispersion and restoration of the Jews are continually spoken of by the prophets in the same breath—being mentioned in one sentence, or occurring as parts of one message from God. And there cannot be any justice in giving a figurative interpretation to one notice in a prophecy, when we know that a literal belongs to the preced-

ing. If the Jews had been only figuratively scattered, I could believe that they would be only figuratively restored. But whilst I know that they have been literally scattered, and whilst I find that the scattering and the restoration are announced in the same prophecy, I must conclude that the Jews are to be literally reinstated in the possession of Canaan—that, not in any spiritual sense but according to the plain meaning of the words, 'they shall be gathered from among the nations whither they have gone, and brought again to their own land.' And it is at the time of this restoration, or, rather, after it shall have been completed, that our text will be accomplished, for the preceding parts of the prophecy relate to a struggle in Judea and Jerusalem, as though the Jews were wrestling for their own and the banded powers were set upon their ejection.

"The representation is that of a mighty, conflict between the Jews and other nations. The Jews having gained a footing, the powers of other nations had leagued for their destruction; and the conflict is terminated through the direct interposition of God. So that we should wish you particularly to observe, that the prophecy or prediction of our text is not to take effect until the Jews are restored to the possession of their land. The course of events, as here traced out by prophecy, is that restoration to Judea is to precede their conversion to Christianity. And thus it would seem they are still to be Jews, and not Christians, when they shall pour into Judea, to rebuild the prostrate Jerusalem. You are to remember that, for centuries past, these people have not only rejected the religion of Jesus, but they have been also unobservant of the religion of Moses. According to that remarkable prediction of Hosea, they have abode without a shrine, without an image, without an ephod, and without a temple. Though they have spurned from them Christianity, they have not been idolaters: for they have abode without any image and without a temple. Neither have they strictly been Jews; for they have abode without a sacrifice, and without an ephod. Indeed, they have not had the power, supposing them to have had the will, to adhere strictly to the religion of Moses; for the religion of Moses was in the largest sense local, and its rites could be performed nowhere but at Jerusalem; and to be banished from that city, was to be placed under an incapacity of obeying the law. And this does not so much exculpate their apostasy from Moses as aggravate their rejection of Christ, for they ought long ago to have learned, from the continued impossibility of being true Jews, that God had introduced another dispensation, to which it behoved them



reverently to conform. Hence, the Jews have to be brought to repentance towards God, before they can be brought to faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. They are to be made to see and feel that God is displeased with them; and this sight and feeling must bring them, in lowly contrition, to supplicate forgiveness. In the book of Leviticus, this is exactly what is held as preliminary to their being gathered home from their dispersion among the Gentiles. 'If they shall confess their iniquities, and the iniquities of their fathers, with their trespass which they trespassed against me, and that also they have walked contrary unto me; and that I also have walked contrary unto them, and have brought them into the land of their enemies; if, then, their uncircumcised hearts be humbled and they then accept of the punishment of their iniquity, then will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember, and I will remember the land.' Upon their humbling themselves before God, who has been chastening them without producing contrition, they are to be received with favor, and restored to Judea. We know this prophecy is almost silent as to the process through which the scattered tribes shall be gathered from all lands—whether through some open, miraculous interference, or through some silent, secret influence, inclining the exiles to seek Judea; but we know that again its valleys shall swarm with the children of its original possessors; and we are assured that when the Jews shall have been restored and resettled, there will come up a great array of enemies anxious to dispossess, if not to exterminate them. Then will be the struggle of which we have already spoken, which is so vividly sketched in the prophecies of Zechariah. For a time shall the adversaries prosper, and shall seem about to accomplish their iniquitous purposes; but then, choosing, as is his wont, the moment of exigence, shall God miraculously interfere, scatter their enemies, and be a shield to Jerusalem.

"This, as it would seem, is to be the time for the manifestation of Christ. Let us not be tempted to describe the circumstances of the manifestation. Enough for us to know that the Jews shall own that Redeemer whom their fathers crucified, and themselves had despised. We know they will weep tears of contrition—that the mourning which is described by the prophet will be as though there were 'sackcloth over the land, and every family retiring within itself to weep and lament.' They shall charge themselves with all the guilt of their ancestors, arraigning themselves as his murderers, and bewailing that their own hands should have slain the Lord

of life. Oh! come that glorious season when they who have been Christ's kinsmen after the flesh shall be his disciples and his worshippers! Their exile has been long! their infidelity has been stern! Oh! for their repentance! oh! for their conversion! There may be already the harbingers of the event, which all who love the Lord must ardently long for. Who shall say there is no movement amongst the Jews, as though they could not remain in their banishment, but were stirred to the uniting, at all hazards, to rebuild Jerusalem? Whether or not we can see signs of the nearness of the event, sooner or later shall this creation be gladdened by its occurrence; for he who could say, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away'—even he hath declared, 'I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced.'"

From the second part of the discourse, we quote a few remarkable sentences:—"I am sure that if I could take you, where, extended on the ground, lay the yet bleeding form of one of your fellow-men, whom assassins had just rifled of life; and if I could show you that something you had said or done had caused the foul murder, so that the assassins had been virtually your agents, or instruments, you would be ready to sink into the earth in the agony of your remorse and self-condemnation; you would regard yourselves with actual loathing and abhorrence; you would flee from the scene as if pursued by a fury; and you would imagine all nature up in arms to take vengeance on your crime. And though it is not this wild and fierce anguish that we wish to excite in you, through the spectacle of a bleeding Redeemer, we cannot think that you feel as you ought till you feel that you have slain him—till you mourn for him accordingly as your victim, in being your Deliverer. We take you, therefore, to Calvary, where the cross has been erected, and Jesus of Nazareth fastened to it as a sacrifice; and we want you, while you put away from you all the spectacle of the thorns and soldiers, to stand there alone with the dying Redeemer. Does the reply of Nathan, 'Thou art the man,' come home to each of you, as the question is proposed, 'Who hath done this deed, on which the sun dares not look?' It ought to do so; you do not know yourselves till you know yourselves the murderers of Christ. You are to feel as though put upon trial as actors in

the doleful tragedy; and so moved as to pronounce against yourself the verdict, Guilty! guilty!—a verdict echoed from all creation, animate and inanimate! And though the fact of being thus convicted of murder may not, as in the former supposed case, send you aghast and terrified from the scene, it cannot fail to fill you with sorrow and remorse. In seeing and confessing your crime, you will also see and confess your deliverance, and you will remain to weep and adore, where you have learned the foul deed you have wrought. You may look upon Christ coldly and carelessly so long as you regard his crucifixion merely as an historical fact, and the Jews and Romans as alone his executioners; but when you are brought to feel your own share in the crucifixion, you will then thoroughly know that your pardon was possible; the heart will be melted; and you will shed tears for the sins for which the Redeemer shed blood. And this is in precise agreement with the prophecy before us. Only allow it to come to pass that you look on him whom *you* have pierced—not whom the Jews, not whom the Romans, but whom *you yourselves* have pierced; and it must also come to pass that, in the words of our text, you will 'mourn for him as one mourneth for an only son, and be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.'

It will be seen that Mr. Melvill believes in the restoration of the "tribes of the wandering foot" to the land promised to Abraham, and that he expects no "golden age," no blessed Millennium, the evening Sabbath of the groaning creation, to visit our earth, until its royal Ruler descend in the clouds of heaven. Those "two men in white apparel," those angels of Olivet, surely held out no false hope when they said, "Ye men of Galilee; why stand ye gazing up into heaven? *This same* JESUS, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Mr. Melvill's gesture is remarkable. His hands are occupied with his manuscript, but his head does duty for them. He bends it to

the desk, right and left alternately, with a rapidity increased with the force of his thoughts, as if discharging his ideas among the congregation. We have already mentioned his eloquence. To hear him read the magnificent "Te Deum," is worth a journey of miles. The following grand passage, especially, he utters with thrilling effect:—

"We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens, and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee:

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee:

The noble army of martyrs praise thee:

The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,

The Father of an infinite majesty:

Thine honorable, true, and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!"

Hark! how the last quoted line rings through the church, while every head is bent—let us hope, with real reverence and love—as if meeting the grand choir of heaven with its marvellous utterance, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

But the service is over. What a change!

We are opposite the Bank of England, amidst the rush, the throng, the pressure, the voice of the multitudes, every one looking for his gain from his quarter. Every thing is earthly. The contrast is violent. We feel as if fallen, as if forcibly driven out of Paradise, to grub for the bread that perishes among the mould and filth of a polluted world; yet, after a moment's reflection, we realize the value of those divine truths to which we have been listening, feel their sustaining power, and their animating influence, and are persuaded that an evangelical ministry is the first element of national greatness.

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## PART TWO.

## CHAPTER I.—UNDER THE COWL.

IN the plains of Bosnia, between the mountains of Cemerno and the forests of Herzegovina, in the first rays of morning a young girl was about to cut rushes on the banks of a pond; some men, strangers in the country, suddenly appeared at her side. Through a sentiment of modesty the child hid her face with a tuft of the reeds she was holding in her hand, and from an impulse of curiosity, spreading them out in the form of a fan, fortunate at seeing without being seen, she peeped between the separated stems. These men were covered with dust and appeared to have taken a long journey. At first she felt moved with compassion for them; but they had a stern and ferocious air, and she was afraid. They passed on; her fears were quieted and she continued to cut her rushes.

The same day some monks of the Greek ritual, with bearded chins, occupied in removing stones from a little field belonging to their community, perceived afar off a caravan of persons on foot winding along a mountain side; they thought it a pilgrimage, or at least the emigration of some tribe who were seeking to improve their fortunes by changing their country. At all events, they offered up vows for the success of the enterprise and even bestowed their benediction on the pilgrims. What astonished the good fathers most was, that one of the brethren, who, finding the heat great, had laid aside his gown on commencing his labors, could not find it again when the caravan had gone past.

The next day, this same caravan, more numerous than at its point of departure, was pursuing its march, divided into two companies. The first, composed of young and active men, with vigorous step and vigilant eye, cleared the way.

At the head of the second appeared an individual entirely buried beneath the costume of a monk, and who was escorted by two satellites, the one with gray beard, the other of colossal stature, with pistols in their hands. It would not have been easy to tell the age of the pretended monk by his appearance any more than by his features. His face masked by his cowl, he was scarcely able to distinguish where to put his foot; his long gown, fastened

by a girdle around the waist in a multitude of folds, puffed out over his back in an ungraceful manner; his hands, crossed on his breast, less through an impulse of pious compunction than by a measure of prudence on the part of his guards, impeded the movements of his arms and compelled him to an awkward gait, increased still more by the fatigue of the journey, which had swollen his feet and worn his shoes to tatters.

"Mercy, gentlemen!" exclaimed he suddenly, throwing himself on the ground. "Of what use is this interminable race? Can you not kill me here as well as elsewhere?"

"Who told you that we intend to kill you, Monsieur Count?" replied he of the gray beard: "come, get up, a little more patience!"

"I cannot take another step. Torn and aching feet afford but a poor support to an empty stomach! If you wish me to accompany you, procure a horse for me, at least!"

"Our cavalry are asleep beneath the fagots," replied his interlocutor with the most perfect *sang-froid*; "but they will awake before long. Patience!"

"Patience! patience!" repeated the false monk without stirring from the spot. "Do you think to appease my fatigue and hunger by giving me an enigma to divine?"

"Who of us is not hungry?" replied the colossus, his other satellite; "but we are approaching the refectory and the stable; come, onward!"

His two guards took him by the arms and raised him to his feet. The remainder of the second troop, after a period of delay necessitated by this incident, resumed their march. At the rear of an array of persons of all sorts, came a litter closed by curtains of foliage and carried by robust porters, with square feet and broad shoulders. In this litter, two women, one young and the other old, were conversing in a low tone.

"Listen, Margatt," murmured the younger in the ear of her companion, "it is to your husband that the guardianship of the prisoner has been confided, as well as to Paoli, it is true. But the latter is old, it would be easy to elude his vigilance; besides, at night, they will watch by turns. In the midst of these forests where no road is traced, it would be

so easy to attempt an escape, especially by night."

"You still persist in your plan, then, *mignonne*?" replied the old woman with a crafty air.

And, playing, as if absently, with the end of the gold chain which was passed through Chrisna's girdle,—

"Ah! if it were indeed my little George!—if I were very sure of it!"

"It is indeed he, Margatt; it is he! George d'Arnsteln, the only son of Count Frederick, your former master!" interrupted Chrisna, with vehemence.

"How do you know, *mignonne*? who told you so?"

"Himself!"

And by this revelation, made almost unintentionally, Chrisna saw herself compelled to come to a complete confidence on the subject of the mysterious correspondence which she had found means to carry on with the prisoner. The curiosity of Margatt was satisfied but not her avarice.

Her mistress then held up to her view the rich reward which the prisoner would pay for his liberty, if ever, thanks to her, he should succeed in recovering it.

"That is well," said Margatt; "but do you see, my child, if I am not quite so young as yourself, I am more experienced. As for me, this little trinket here would be more likely to give me a desire to do good than the finest words however gilded.

Chrisna comprehended that she could not conquer her ill-will without a concession: "After all," said she, "it is not giving away this chain to use it for his interest; I will still reserve his part."

She twisted violently a link which she succeeded in breaking, and presenting a long fragment of the chain to Margatt said,—

"Here, I give this to you in his name."

The old woman hastened to slip her booty into her pocket; then, with an air of regret, said,—

"What a pity to divide thus such a valuable jewel!"

"But will he not need it himself, Margatt, to pay his expenses and his guides, if he should soon be free, as I hope, since you consent to intercede for us with your husband?"

"I intercede for you!" exclaimed the old woman; "have I said a word about that?"

What can you expect me to obtain from Dumbrosk? He has repulsed me these eight years!"

Without being discouraged by this sudden revulsion, Chrisna essayed to make her *camériste* comprehend that Dumbrosk might perhaps be less averse to a reconciliation than she supposed. Time might have enlightened him as to his true interests. He had, doubtless, more than once, amid his fatigues and privations, regretted his residence at Oedenburg. At the idea that, thanks to the protection of the new master of the domain, saved by him, he might there find welcome and security, was it not possible his sentiments would suddenly change? Who could say he might not yet make a good husband? Men who have most loved noise and war are often those who afterwards best appreciate tranquillity and repose.

Still in a low tone, Chrisna continued to talk of reconciliation and a certain recompense.

The little round eyes of Margatt shone with unusual brilliancy; her mouth, which had never been masked with a smile, was half opened; her neck and shoulders were drawn up and bridled, and thanks to the projection of her hooked nose, she bore a close resemblance to an owl which is preparing to utter a cry. This cry which the owly woman at last allowed to escape, was one of pleasure.

Can it be believed? That which had just moved most powerfully her hopes and given to the withered fibres of her heart as it were a galvanic shock, was neither the hope of reward nor of return to Oedenburg; it was before all, above all, the intoxicating idea that she might perhaps recover the affections of her giant, and pass with him days woven of silk and gold.

Not far from the palanquin, two men, marching at the same pace, with guns slung over their shoulders, were conversing together, but one only of the two seemed to express himself with confidence and familiarity.

"I may confide in you, what I am careful not to tell my men," said the latter; "but her very coldness has given constancy to a passion which I thought but transient; I love her more than it is permitted a warrior to love. Her presence has become so indispensable to me, that she must accompany me everywhere, even in this expedition where



success depends upon a *coup de main*, and where she may be in the way. What can I do? This love is stronger than I?"

"And has she ever loved you?" asked his companion.

"Who can know the heart of a woman? but why not? she came in search of me of her own accord. Nevertheless, for some time past, she has grown cool at my approach; when she fixes her eyes upon me, I surprise in them sharp and angry glances. Perhaps," pursued Zény, "she has had enough of the life we lead. Would you believe it? I have thought of retiring with her into Russia and asking to be allowed to serve under the Czar. Ought he not to assist those who have fought for the cause of the Slaves, which is his own? This project—who knows?—I have not yet renounced it for Chrisna—But I have said enough about my weaknesses," said he interrupting himself; "you will end by despising me. In your turn, Jean, give me your confidence. For want of love affairs, confide to me your soldier's adventures; for you have perhaps never loved, have you?"

"Once—only once."

"It was then serious?"

"I will let you judge for yourself—by and by."

"Why not now?"

"It is a long story, and my breath is short when I am marching. But I understand nothing of the route by which you have led us, Zény," continued Zagrab, turning the conversation. "Our direction should be towards the Gulf of Narenta and I cannot divine how we are to attain this end and touch at Dalmatia, by following the lands of Bosnia and Herzegovina."

"Herzegovina is but partly Turkish," objected Zény with an acquiescent air. "Another half day, and these forests will become Austrian, and still protected by them, we shall soon be separated from the habitation of the old Magyar only by mountains, where it will be easy to disguise our numbers. Our plan has not been carelessly laid."

The brow of Zagrab contracted beneath an anxious thought.

"You may be in the right, Zény," said he; "but I am thinking of my furlough which is about to expire."

"Be easy, my friend; the expedition once over, the first barque can bear you speedily from one gulf to the other."

At this moment Marko came to interrupt the conversation.

"General," said he, "we are approaching; you can give the signal."

Not far from thence, in a vast clearing of the forest, three Cumanian Tartars, extended beneath an oak, with their eyes half closed, were peopling with their dreams the desert which surrounded them. As if by the effect of a mirage, their fairy Dolibaba showed them, amid the warm vapors which enveloped the earth, the reed cabins abandoned by them on the undulating banks of the Theiss.

In the clearing twenty horses, without bridles, were sleeping, buried in the tall grass. But for the cooing of the turtle-doves, the most profound silence would have reigned in these solitudes. Suddenly the scream of an eagle, thrice repeated, was heard. The horses bounded to their feet and uttered prolonged neighings; the three men rose, and, shaking their heads, as if to dispel their dreams, said,—

"It is he!"

A few moments afterwards, the Cumanian Tartars received the congratulations of the whole band; by order of the chiefs, heaps of branches, piled up behind impenetrable thickets were thrown down, searched, and from them taken bridles, saddles, bits, and even arms and provisions, buried there two months before, when the Slaves, after multiplied reverses, had first been compelled to shelter themselves behind the frontier of Bosnia.

While some occupied themselves in equipping the horses, and others took the rest and nourishment they needed, the pretended monk seated himself on the trunk of a tree thrown down by the wind. One of his guards (it was Paoli), taking pity on him, threw back his cowl to allow him a view of the sky, and from this greasy frock which seemed to conceal from the eye only a deformed being, another Lazo Jussich, arose a young head, with blond and curly hair, though strangely tangled and matted during the route, beneath the weight of the cowl.

George Zapolsky might have been between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age; his features were delicate and fine; his skin, white as that of a woman, wore a dull paleness which the fatigue of the journey or the darkness of his cell alone might have given it. In the tones of his voice, in his blue eye, as in his attitude, there was something of indolence,



voluptuousness and irony, which sufficiently announced that this descendant of a powerful race had exhausted his Hungarian vigor in the friction of an effeminate civilization.

All escape appearing impossible at this moment, Paoli untied the thong which confined the hands of the prisoner, and only remained beside him. The young Count thanked him by a courteous gesture. Afterwards, he stretched out his arms and extended his fingers so long compressed, with infantile joy; then, rising a moment, he repaired as well as he could the disorder of his hair, and cast around him a glance at once tranquil and inquisitive; after which, making of one of the branches of the tree a support, a pillow for his back, he carelessly extended himself on the trunk as on a divan.

"How do you feel, Monsieur Count?" asked Paoli.

"Better, much better already; but my feet ache horribly. Fortunately," added he, smiling at his old guardian, "I shall now no longer touch the ground, since your cavalry has at least come out from beneath the fagots! You see that I have found out your enigma! I have taken time for it! I shall have a horse, shall I not? You promised it to me!"

"And I will keep my word to you, young man," replied Paoli to him, with an almost paternal air.

"And what is to be the duration of this halt?"

"Two hours at least."

"Thank God! two blessed hours of sunshine! That counts in a life which may be short? But are we to travel a long time thus? And what is to be the end of this interminable march?"

Paoli re-assumed his severe attitude, and maintained silence.

"Pardon me if I have been indiscreet," resumed the young count; "may I know, at least, where we are, and what is the name of this beautiful forest, where the ground is so rough for poor pedestrians?"

The same silence on the part of Paoli.

"Decidedly," said he to himself, "it seems that my questions have an importance which I did not suspect."

And, assuming a more comfortable position on his rustic divan, he continued,—

"Ah! if my former tutor, the Abbe Giuliani, should learn that, for three days past, I have travelled through countries of which I

do not even know the names, what would he think of his pupil, he who made the interrogation point the principal element in every profitable journey? And my good Venetian friends, those who think me at Rome or Naples, enjoying the pleasures of the Corso, or visiting the ruins of Pompeii, while awaiting the fetes of the Carnival; what would be their stupefaction if they knew that the Pompeii into which I have descended was but a cold cavern of Montenegro, and that all my joyous masquerades have been confined to this villainous monkish gown!"

With his eyes fixed upon the ground, he was thus evoking the memory of his ancient preceptor and of his absent friends, perhaps in order to forget the strange companions who surrounded him, when two shades, of feminine form, glided up to the tree upon which he was extended. He raised his head.

Followed by Margatt, Chrisna, with lofty brow, and shy like the huntress Diana, passed by him.

"Who is that woman?" asked he immediately of Paoli.

"What is it to you?"

"Pardon me—you are right; I forget. She is very beautiful."

The question of the young captive was sincere; his astonishment was not pretended; never before this day had he seen his protectress.

The latter clearly understood the expression of admiration which had just been addressed to her, and a sudden blush covered her face. She slowly turned her eyes towards the false monk, attempting to assume an air of calmness and indifference and was, in her turn, on the point of betraying herself by a movement of surprise, almost of affright on finding him so handsome.

She had never seen, except by night, and amid the tumult of an alarm, this prisoner in whose fate she had taken so lively an interest. At sight of him, she was, as it were, ashamed of her devotion. In her confusion, forgetting that she had come there, not alone to show herself, but especially to make herself known, to make the unfortunate man understand that, in the forests of Herzegovina as well as in the valleys of Montenegro, some one was watching over him, she went on her way while the young man followed her with admiring eyes.

Paoli having then announced to George

that it was time to think of appeasing the hunger which tormented him, the latter replied, resuming his tone of light raillery, through which, nevertheless his real sentiments revealed themselves.

"Ah! not yet, my dear guardian, I pray you! it would be truly too many pleasures at once. We must learn to save them, especially when they are rare. Are not air, rest, light, enough for the moment, even without that charming apparition?"

A few moments afterwards, armed with one of those pretexts familiar to all women, Chrisna retraced her steps. Her hand which she alternally placed on her hair and at her girdle, her eyes which were looking here and there along the route she had just traversed, seemed to indicate that she had lost something detached from her corsage or her *coiffure*. Stooping down, and appearing to assist in her researches, the *cameriste*, this time walked at a little distance behind her.

"Margatt!" said the young woman, raising her voice so as to be heard by another than her servant, "do not lose courage,—as for my part, I have good hope. Keep your eyes well open—"

The remainder of the sentence was addressed only to Dame Margatt directly.

At the sound of this voice, whose sweet echo suddenly awoke in his remembrance, George started; his invisible protectress had just unveiled herself to his eyes! Since she is beautiful, she must be powerful. He may then rely upon her assistance, confide in her promises! Notwithstanding his sufferings which are but partially relieved and the sinister faces by which he is surrounded, he is already visited by golden dreams; he hopes for liberty, perhaps for more. Since he has seen his benefactress, his gratitude towards her has redoubled; at the age of Arnstein, a debt of gratitude is paid in love.

Witnessing his agitation, and turning that she might not meet his eye, Chrisna again went away putting her finger on her lip.

Arnstein placed his hand on his heart.

Seated on one of the trailing folds of his prisoner's gown, and very tranquil with respect to him, whom he felt moving behind him, old Paoli had seen nothing, observed nothing, of these signs, these transports, these glances.

But one other had observed all and seen all for him; and that other was Pierre Zény!

#### CHAPTER II.—FORMERLY.

GEORGE ZAPOLSKY, Count of Arnstein by right of his mother, had in his veins a mixture of Austrian and Hungarian blood; but the Sarmatian type was in him almost entirely effaced; his mother was a German.

One day, on his return from a campaign, Count Frederick Zapolsky saw, in the long avenue of oaks of old Eidenburg, the Countess, bearing in her arms her son, that only son, born on the evening of his departure, and his heart beat with joy and pride. As soon as he held in his arms this fragile, fair, and rosy child, his brow suddenly contracted as if with shame and confusion.

"By St. Andrew!" muttered he, "the child resembles a Saxon more than a Magyar! What a figure will he one day make in the chamber of the magnates, in the midst of black hair and bronzed faces! My brother Ladislas was right in opposing my alliance with a daughter of Austria."

And without having caressed it, he returned the child to its mother.

At a later period forgetting his pride of race, having recovered his natural sentiments, and contemplating his child with affection, the count said to his wife,—

"Elizabeth, he will resemble you; he will owe to you his beauty; I wish him to owe to me his strength and courage; exercises of arms and on horseback must early be taught him in order to develop and transform these delicate and puny limbs; we must commission the air and the sunshine to embrown his skin; I desire that this child, the last drop of the royal blood of Jean Zapolsky, be brought up as roughly as that of the meanest of our peasants. It is thus that of our girl I will have made a boy, a man, a hussar, a centaur, a worthy descendant of Arpad!"

Count Frederick attempted to put these projects entirely into execution. From his earliest years, removed from the care of women, little George ran about naked in summer, exposed to the heat of a burning sky; in winter, with his feet half clad, his body half covered with a little *bunda* (sack of sheepskin), he played among the snow and mud, with his young and rustic village companions.

"George," said the Count to the child, who then listened to him with fixed eye, but without even trying to comprehend him, "the nation to which you belong is a nation of soldiers. After having shaken off the yoke of the Turks,

and subdued the ancient races confounded with ours, we must remain up and on horse to sustain ourselves; Hungary is a camp; it is one of the armed frontiers of Europe, as was formerly Poland on the North. We have confided the guardianship of our liberties to Austria; we *must* therefore fight, first for ourselves, afterwards for her, perhaps against her. I will explain that to you by and by. But this is the reason why those of the great Magyar family should constantly remain with their hands on their sabres. It is a life of fatigues, but which has its pleasures for it is also a life of devotion."

And, after this discourse or some other of the same kind, making him mount without a saddle a little *jougre*, a species of active and indefatigable horse which are found only in Hungary, both, during whole hours, would gallop over the *pulzas*, vast meadows scattered along the Danube, and stretching out even beyond the river, in an immense plain, to the desert of Barmegh.

George was then seven years old; according to his father's wishes, his skin, formerly so white, of a tissue so delicate, was, not positively bronzed, but russet and hardened by the sun, and all the women of the chateau, *cameristes* and others, secretly murmured against their master, who had thus sought to give so beautiful a child the complexion of a gypsy.

Meanwhile the pupil began to fail in his task; in consequence of his races in the *pulzas*, he was attacked by a fever which was protracted for a long time. An invalid, he necessarily fell back upon the care of his mother. Scarcely had he begun to recover, when she ceased to watch beside him. To the questions of little George the reply was made:—

"She is indisposed; she is sick also."

Then, in the chateau, faces became grave and silent. The child ceased to interrogate.

One morning, the Count, pale and gloomy, entered his chamber, made him dress, took him by the hand and conducted him directly to his mother's apartment, after having scarcely articulated these words:—

"My son, prepare yourself for the greatest of sorrows."

The shutters were closed, though it was day, and waxlights were burning here and there, and even beside the bed of the Countess. Seated on this bed, with her feet on the

estrade, and supported by cushions, the latter, richly clad in violet velvet, with pearls in her hair, and around her neck; golden brandebourgs, also enriched with pearls, adorned the false button-holes of her robe, whose parted skirts revealed, at the bottom of a satin petticoat, the escutcheon of the Zapolsky, their device and the symbolic and fatal figure of the white monk. The national ornament of the Hungarian ladies, the long, muslin veil, descended from the head of the countess over her shoulders, and covered her hands, sparkling with jewels.

On entering this chamber poor George at first heard, as a confused murmur, sighs, and words pronounced in a low tone. Terrified and trembling, he walked with downcast brow, having a presentiment of the misfortune which threatened him, but unable yet to believe in it. Raising his eyes at last he saw his mother adorned with her richest garments, still beautiful and seeming to smile upon him; he uttered a cry of joy and sprang towards her. In the midst of his enthusiasm, his father stopped him,—

"My son, kneel and pray to God for your mother: she is dead."

And the child fainted, uttering a sob echoed by all the people of the household.

A year later, another scene of an entirely different character, and which was destined also to dwell in his memory, passed before his eyes in this same chateau of old Edenburg.

It was in 1809. Already masters of Vienna, the French nevertheless still felt the double-headed eagle struggle beneath them. After the doubtful affair of Essling, Napoleon offered the Hungarians to recognize and sustain them as a free and independent power, if they would separate themselves from Austria, asking of them only neutrality. To this proposition, which might perhaps have tempted her if Austria had been triumphant, the noble and faithful Hungary of Maria Theresa responded only by the war-cry. Insurrection was proclaimed; insurrection, that is to say the rising *en masse* against the foreigner; the last man, the last horse, the last crown, were placed at the service of the country!

One day George heard the clarion resound in the grand avenue of oaks; the vast courts of the chateau were filled with cavaliers in brilliant uniforms, and villagers half-clad, poorly armed, but almost all proudly mounted on the humble courser, their pupil, their compan-

ion, and which had the night before been harnessed to the plough. These were the bravest and most active among the vassals of old Eödenburg.

Beside them were noble peasants, wearing spurs; in their ranks floated the national standard, green, white, and red. The clarions quickly approached, sounding the March of Rakotzi, the old Magyar hero, and one of the glorious ancestors of Count Frederick. At the same instant, the latter, in grand-costume of colonel of hussars, appeared on the highest step of the chateau; a general hurrah welcomed him, banners were waved, sabres glistened in the sun: *Eljen! Eljen!* (Vivat!) exclaimed the multitude, forming themselves in a line in order to be reviewed.

The count rode past the ranks, then called for his son,—

"Why, are you not already fifteen, George?" said he, "you should have received the baptism of fire at my side. Whatever may happen, remember who you are, and from whom descended!"

Taking him in his arms, he embraced him and confused at feeling his heart melt amidst the embrace, he hastily gave the signal of departure, casting one more glance upon his son.

It was a last adieu.

An instant afterwards, the child was clapping his hands and uttering joyous cries as he heard the March of Rakotzi, which in loud tones was prolonged beneath the grand avenue of oaks.

Left with his paternal and maternal grandfathers, George, as if he had wished to be able to animate around him these vast deserted courts, these long silent apartments, soon became noisy and intractable; he seemed to multiply himself to such a degree that one would have thought a troop of boys had been let loose in the old manor. The doors opened and closed with violence; bells rang of themselves; the chapel was found illuminated, while the chaplain, the honest Abbé Giuliani, was still asleep.

To tame this wildness, the three old men, the two grandfathers and the abbé, holding a council, decided that the youth should be sent to study in the universities. He first entered that of Presburg; two years afterwards that of Vienna, always under the *surveillance* of the good Abbé Giuliani.

Up to this time, to tell the truth, George, a

combination of energy and indolence abandoning himself by turns to the foolish inspirations of youth, and to the good instincts which he inherited from his race, had not yet allowed his Mentors to discover his tendencies to perversity and real want of discipline. But he was approaching that critical period of life when the character, yet undecided, seeks a basis to rest and fix upon; when the passions, apparently inert, begin to disturb the senses by their approaching and mysterious development. By a blind and fatal exigency of society, at this moment which is to decide their future, our sons are at college or in the universities, and who receives, who directs, the first aspirations of the soul? The first comers, a comrade, and not their own family!

It was thus with George. Among his fellow-students was a young man a few years older than himself, a scoffer, a sceptic, one of those precocious and frivolous philosophers who pride themselves on dis-illusion when they have not yet learned to estimate the real value of things; who disdainfully thrust aside the cup before even placing it to their lips. Such was Christian; Christian was not, in other respects, deficient in talent or knowledge. He possessed that humorous gayety, a mixture of folly and gravity, of the finest Teutonic minds; beneath that brilliant varnish of vice, which attracts and seduces light heads, there existed in him, perhaps, more good sense and uprightness than he wished to have appear.

His vanity had bid defiance to his reason, and he had taken sides against the latter.

George suffered himself to be dazzled; in spite of the remonstrances of his tutor, a man of pure heart but narrow mind, who foresaw danger without being able to prevent it, he became the friend of this sceptical braggart who boasted of believing in nothing, not even in friendship.

At the expiration of his university studies, George, still accompanied by the abbé, went to visit the great capitals of Europe. Letters of introduction from the powerful Metternich, allied to his maternal family, aided by his youth and good mien, procured him a welcome everywhere. In the midst of the attentions and civilities of which, thanks to this high patronage, he found himself the object, the taste for luxury and pleasure was developed in him; he began to put in practice that favorite maxim of the philosopher Christian,—



"The intelligence of man should be the servant of his senses; he who knows not how to turn all things to his positive well-being is unskilful or foolish."

On his return to Vienna, master of his fortune, already shattered by the insurrection of 1809, George launched into extravagant expenses, calculated to complete his ruin. The abbé dared to make remonstrances.

"Ought I not to maintain worthily the name of my father?" replied the young man.

And this name, he repudiated in part, as savoring too much of the barbarian, the Sarmatian, the sheepskin.

In the high, aristocratic saloons of Vienna, it was no longer a Zapolsky who was announced, it was the Count d'Arnstein, the relative of Prince Metternich. The latter, pursuing in this the constant policy of Austria, aided in the metamorphosis, delighted to Germanize a Magyar lion, the descendant of the royal competitor of Ferdinand I.

George performed his new rôle so well that he almost prided himself on forgetting the language and customs of his native country. Absorbed entirely in fetes and intrigues, he troubled himself very little to know whether the money he lavished was furnished by Hungary, and whether his place in the Chamber of Magnates remained vacant. He had lost that instinctive love of country, that sentiment of nationality, so powerful among the conquerors of the Slaves.

"God spoke the word of creation in the Magyar language, and if he again deigns to show himself to men, he will appear to them under the national costume of the Hungarians."

This old adage, uttered almost devotionally along the great river, from Presburg to Pesth, from Pesth to the Rapids of the Danube, and which even his father had proudly repeated to him, now excited only the joyous ridicule of the Count d'Arnstein. So far from believing that God would thus appear to men, he ceased to think of God at all. He recognized but one god, pleasure, and when in the service of this divinity, terrible by the deceptions with which she pays her followers, he had exhausted the remains of his faith and strength; in order to recover them he took it into his head to become a god himself.

To become a god is not to-day, especially in Germany, a thing very rare. For this pur-

pose, it is only necessary to reach the upper round of the philosophical ladder of the school of Hegel. It is the negation of all which is not self; it is the adoration of the individual by the individual; it is man prostrating himself before the glass; in fine, it is selfishness elevated to the dignity of a worship. Nevertheless, to do justice to Arnstein, it was not entirely in this sense that he understood it.

Let us see how this fine idea was suggested to him and what followed.

On his return from a journey to Paris, one morning, Christian unexpectedly arrived at the house of his former fellow-student. The philosopher had eaten up the slender patrimony which belonged to him; in order to be something he had become a painter, and, still sceptical, scarcely believed even in his own talents.

The artist and the great nobleman, in virtue of the nights of university companionship, had not ceased to live on a footing of perfect equality; if one of the two bent before the superiority of the other, it was the noble descendant of Jean Zapolsky.

Christian found George enveloped in a silken robe-de-chambre, extended on a divan, and with his eyelids half closed.

"Are you asleep?" said he to him; "has our good abbé been serving up to you one of his ragouts of morality, seasoned with the Latin of the kitchen and with Greek? Are you still acquainted with Greek, George?"

"Faith, no! Greek is Magyar to me at present. As for the abbé, I have sent him to Cedenburg to watch my creditors, who are about to cut down my forests."

"And how does life go with you?"

"It drags heavily."

"You are no longer in love, then?"

"During your absence, I have thought myself so once."

"A great lady, doubtless? a brunette, I hope?"

"A young girl,—a blonde."

"You are a blonde yourself; this love is contrary to the law of nature; in order to maintain a level, she wills that extremes and contrasts should meet."

"That is possible, but it was precisely because of the color of her hair that I allowed myself to be caught—I have a horror of blondes."



"I do not understand you."

"Doubtless!" returned Arnstein; "I was not on my guard against her."

"And your success?"

"At the very first word, we understood each other."

"Good!"

"But at the second, all was over."

"How so?"

"I said to her: Love! She replied to me: Marriage! I fled, I saw her no more; I have forgotten her, but no matter! It seems to me that since that time, I have contracted a frightful malady."

"What?"

"Ennui."

"So why do you, imprudent fellow, always carry your heart up to those lofty regions where air is wanting, where cold penetrates it? Great ladies inspire me with ennui."

"What is to be done, then?"

"Address yourself to small ones! That requires less thought and costs less money."

Arnstein made a gesture of repugnance, folded his robe-de-chambre and buried himself in the cushions of his divan.

"Whence comes that air of ill-humor, Monsieur Count, when I wish to save you at once, from ennui and from ruin?" resumed Christian, raising his voice in a magisterial tone; "let us use our good sense, if you please. Let us discuss the matter and compare notes. What are you, almost always, with your fine ladies? A distraction, a plaything to amuse their caprice, one flag the more conquered to their amorous panoply, one name added to their list; then, afterwards, a disagreeable recollection, often a restraint, sometimes a disgrace, a species of terrifying phantom when the time for their devotions arrives. A fine rôle for a gallant man to play indeed! And I do not here take into the account the humiliating restraint which one must impose on one's self, the hypocritical and degrading stratagems to which one must have recourse; but for which lightning flashes from the eyes of husbands and brothers; swords cross each other; blood flows. And all this to obtain on your knees a studied glance, a hasty and trembling interview, where one talks of love and perspires with fear. Search the heart of your idol, what will you find there, Monsieur Count? Vanity, tinsel, glitter, falsehood. Ah, it is not thus, my friend, with the simple daughters of

the people. My mistress laughs at me openly in the face of the sun showing her teeth white and glistening as the crowns of an usurer; as far as she can see me, her eye emits joyous sparks, and, with raised brow, pointing me out with her hand, she says to her companions: 'There is my lover!' At evening, beneath the green avenues of the *Augarten* or the *Prater*, proud to hang on my arm, she walks, with her head on my shoulder, chatting in a low tone; at the Casino, after the waltz, it is she who fills my can, and sometimes helps me empty it. I make a gesture, she divines me; I say a word, she fears not to follow me even to my attic, and triumphant, clapping her wings, sings at my window before closing it. Is not this true love, George? and what has this love cost me? A little golden cross on St. Rosalie's day, and a necklace of American beads on Christmas-eve?"

George shook his head and buried himself still deeper in his cushions.

"Oh, my worthy gentleman, such a mistress would cover you with confusion, would she not? but with these brave girls there is more than one part to be played; first, that of lover, it is the only one convenient for me; you can add to it, and at a trifling expense, that of magician! You see yourself, George, penetrating under a modest appearance, the humble abode inhabited by a young and pretty seamstress who during twelve hours of the day, bends over her needle which affords her a scanty subsistence; at first, you make her love you for yourself, as they say in the French comic operas; then, suddenly, you pass to the other rôle; with one stroke of your wand, you change calico for silk dresses; the two straw chairs into red cloth *fauteuils* with black rosettes; the cherry-wood furniture into mahogany or ebony; the delf ware into porcelain; the American into coral beads; and the attic becomes a delightful room, in which the happiest of creatures prostrates herself before you in adoration; for, with love, have you not just bestowed upon her all the other luxuries of life! In her eyes, you are no longer a man, you are a god! and, by my grandfather's wig, Monsieur Count, it seems to me that it is not degrading to play the part of a god!"

Arnstein had disengaged himself from his cushions. He remained for some time pensive with his hand to his forehead.

"Do you know you are tempting me?" said he afterwards to Christian; "I feel my-

self allured by the personation, not of the lover, but of the other. The die is cast! To-morrow I shall transform myself into a deity."

The next day in the faubourg of Leopoldstadt, George, dressed with the greatest simplicity, accosted a young seamstress whose eye laughed beneath the cotton lace of her cap.

Wilhelmine took him for a student, and granted him a first interview solely on account of his good looks. Very soon Jupiter emerged from his cloud and dazzled her. Meanwhile, if the beauty disdained neither silk dresses nor ebony furniture, she had a still higher ambition, that of entering the grand theatre of Vienna in quality of figurante. A stroke with the wand, and her desires were gratified. George obtained for her an order of *debut*. The day of glory arrived, the daughter of a former comedian, Wilhelmine obtained an immense success, and when the Count d' Arnstein presented himself at her dressing-room to compliment her, he found the approaches to it already obstructed with admirers.

The god recognized his equal, a goddess.

The most brilliant offers were showered from all sides on the triumphant Wilhelmine; but Wilhelmine had a grateful heart; she pointed to her young patron, and the enthusiastic crowd of admirers immediately disappeared, except the most experienced, who said to themselves: "We will wait!"

Not to be ungrateful, Arnstein felt obliged to compensate her for her rare disinterestedness. A new stroke of the wand, and the silk was transformed into velvet brocade; the ebony into rose and citron-wood; the necklace of coral into one of diamonds. Then, one fine evening George found the door of the house which he had given to Wilhelmine closed to him. Christian had supplanted him. The lover had driven away the god.

Furious as a simple mortal, George wrote to Christian,—

"You are a disloyal friend and a traitor; this evening at six o'clock, I will await you with weapons in the little avenue of the *Prater*."

Christian replied by the same messenger,—

"You are but a student still; this evening at six o'clock, I will come and dine with you!"

On accosting him, Christian said,—

"Have I counselled you to a cheap love, an economical divinity, an Eden furnished with

mahogany, and the part of the god which you chose, was that of Jupiter in a golden shower! The forests of Oedenburg are already mortgaged; I began to tremble for the stones of the chateau. This is the reason why I whistled away your Danæ. Give me your hand and let us to dinner.

George thought no more of revenging himself upon Christian, but on Wilhelmine. The only method which occurred to him, was to lavish his favors on her companions and rivals. In the environs of Vienna, on the banks of the river, he bought a rich and sumptuous dwelling, and the meadows, the vineyards, the forests of old Oedenburg began to be swallowed up there, in the abyss of a perpetual fête.

Christian showed himself there but rarely. He had in vain attempted to moderate the disastrous impulse given by him. George began to look upon him as a preacher and a moralist, and pitied him.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the number of his favorites, the most profound ennui seized him in the midst of his dissipations and his orgies. He caressed then with a sort of desperate joy the idea of becoming a trappist, or seeking his luxuries in avarice like his uncle Ladislas. Surfeited with honey, he coveted the bitter relish of absinthe. But how could he pause on this slippery path? Strength to do so was wanting and old Oedenburg continued to crumble to the songs of syrens.

Already armed with that Hungarian law which gives the creditors a right to seize on the fiefs, on condition of recognizing the crown as legitimate heir when the complete extinction of a noble family occurs, usurers had invaded the ancient domain of the Zapolskys. The careless Arnstein had not even deigned to employ his last legal resource opposition by force, an opposition consecrated by the customs of the country, and which might have delayed his ruin. He was too much of an Austrian to avail himself of the eccentricities of the Magyar code. A modern Sardanapalus, he was witnessing his disaster, crowned with roses as at a banquet, attempting to taste his last drop of intoxication, when suddenly amid the dances, the joyous peals, the clashing of wine-cups, he perceived a pale, serious, and despairing face; it was that of the Abbé Giuliani.

After having maintained a useless correspondence with his pupil, having lavished good

advice upon him in letters which were not even read, suddenly enlightened by the sight of the Jews throwing themselves on their prey, he had precipitately left old Edenburg.

Arrived at Vienna in the morning, arming himself with a grand resolution, it was not before George that he first presented himself, but before the prime minister, thinking that he alone was powerful enough to allay the storm.

The latter knew the situation of matters; nevertheless, during the lamentable recital of the honest Giuliani, he assumed an air of astonishment and indignation, beneath which he concealed a smile of triumph.

"We can do nothing contrary to the law," said he; "but the Emperor has not forgotten the services of the father; he will take them into account in dealing with the son; he must marry; it is the only method of putting an end to his dissipation. We will choose a wife for him; after which, perhaps, he may be granted the favor of a command, either in the Gallician regiments forming, or in the Croatian soldiery. You may say this to him, that it is necessary that he should leave, travel, cause himself to be forgotten, for some time."

This rapid summary finished, the minister developed with more complaisance his good intentions with regard to the young Count d'Arnstein, his relative; then he dismissed the abbé.

The unexpected apparition of his ancient tutor produced upon George the effect of a discordant note in a concert. He saw in him only a disturber of his pleasures, who had come to add a bass of complaints to the joyous songs of his guests. Pressing the hands of the good man with an abstracted air, he addressed to him some careless compliment of welcome and ordered refreshments to be served.

The abbé but half responded to the pressure of his hand, refused the refreshments offered, took a seat, and with heroic resolution, still in his stern and rigid attitude, leaned his chin on a tall cane, and remained immovable like a scarecrow among this flock of starlings. It was the black flag draping the festal hall. Unable to dislodge the intruder, some attempted to amuse themselves at his expense. The abbé did not stir.

Arnstein grew sober; the joyous revels by degrees ceased, the guests went away, and the old tutor and his former pupil at last remained alone.

Then the abbé frankly related to George his interview with the minister, and, without being interrupted arrived at the conclusion.

"I thank the prince for his good-will," said George; "but I shall not marry!"

"Nevertheless, you are ruined! What do you intend to do?"

"Do I know?—Kill myself, perhaps. Yes," resumed he with a dreamy smile; "that is an idea which has more than once occurred to me. A pleasant death after a sweet, short, and crowded life. At least one can choose the moment. At the end of a night of festivity, surrounded by one's friends, a little opium in a glass of Johannisberg.—Fortunately, the prince has just sent me a few bottles of it."

The abbé made a movement of horror.

"*Parbleu!*" pursued Arnstein, "that would be a joyous trick to play on my creditors and my uncle Ladislas! Yes, he is my heir. In order to enter into possession, he will first be obliged to pay my debts, and, if the miser refuses to do so, as I doubt not he will, my property, seized or not, belongs to the State. What a figure will all my Macchabees make at my interment! I am sure of being sincerely lamented—by them, at least! I will think of it."

"Malediction!" exclaimed the abbé; "see whither debauchery leads: to suicide."

"But is it not then a suicide which you propose to me?" interrupted Arnstein. "Marriage with some old devotee commissioned to convert and moralize me, would be suicide by ennui. And who but a dowager would be willing to take poor George?"

"The dowager in question," replied the abbé, "is Mlle. Amelia d'Osterwein, who is at present staying at Ragusa with her aunt. I do not know her: is she young? is she old? I am ignorant; but you have paid your court to her, so I have been told by high authority. Mistress of her fortune, and free to dispose of her hand, she consents to give you both."

Here, the good Giuliani developed for a long time to his former pupil all the positive advantages which would result for him in this marriage.

And while he was lost in his figures and calculations, George was seized with sudden and unusual emotion.

"What!" said he to himself, "that word of love, which one evening, to the sound of the melody of a waltz, I murmured in your

ear, you believed, you still believe, Amelia? What! while I was giving my life and fortune to courtezans, while I lavished upon them so many promises and oaths, valueless to them as to me, from the shipwreck of my reason you saved one word, the only word of sincere love which I ever pronounced, perhaps! and you have preserved it in the chaste recesses of your thoughts, that I might one day come to claim it from you!"

Then, cutting short the dissertations of the abbé:—

"I thank the minister for his kind intentions, and even for the exile which he imposes upon me. Nevertheless, I will not marry Mlle. d'Osterwein; it would be to requite her generosity but poorly. We will visit together your beautiful country of Italy, dear Giuliani. On the way you shall go to Ragusa to bear to Mlle. d'Osterwein the expression of my regrets and my gratitude; you will tell her that I am unworthy of her—that—but, above all, let us go—let us go! take me hence, my old friend!"

That very night, they left the villa on the banks of the Danube, and traversed Hungary and Slavonia to the Save. There, they separated, the abbé going before to prepare lodgings, after having touched at Ragusa. As for the young Count D'Arnstein, accompanied by two servants, having in his possession only the sum necessary for his journey and the gold chain, a family trinket which his father had worn in the great ceremonials of the Diet, he took another route towards the Adriatic, travelling by short stages, like a tourist, but always dragging ennui in his train. He was to rejoin the abbé at Rome.

It was during this journey, that one evening having ventured among the mountains, he had fallen into the hands of Pierre Zény.

Isolation, captivity, the darkness of the cavern of Montenegro, had produced on him the beneficent effect which he had formerly hoped from a residence in a cloister. His enfeebled and satiated senses were there regenerated by privations of every kind. He had learned once more to understand that pure air and sunshine may be joys to man; he aspired to rest, to comfort, to freedom, to all those treasures which he had possessed without appreciating them; at last, he desired!

The first time the voice of Chrisna had reached him through the crevice of the rock, he had felt a delight more lively than his

most splendid fetes had ever afforded him! To-day, the sight of the beautiful Montenegrin had just completed the enchantment.

"Ah!" said George to himself, "if Christian could see her with her goddess-like bearing, he would be seized with the ecstasies of an artist! she is not a blonde; he would no longer oppose to me his terrible law of Nature!"

#### CHAPTER III.—THE DISPERSION.

THE band had resumed its march; the prisoner, this time on horseback, as well as the leaders and some scouts, was fastened only at the stirrup. Could they fear to see him attempt flight amid the paths almost impracticable, obstructed by thorny shrubs, hollies, briars and enormous ivies, which it was necessary to clear away with the hatchet?

The sombre and silent forests of Herzegovina became more and more uneven. Now they crossed marshes, now rocky heaths, suddenly traversed by herds of buffaloes and tchimbiers who, at sight of these invaders of their solitudes, uttered a dull bellowing and hastened to regain the vast forests.

Pierre Zény, displaying his activity, was going from one group to another, scolding the loiterers and encouraging all.

Zagrab on one side, the prisoner on the other, were attempting to profit by those incidents of the route which threw some disorder into the ranks, to approach the litter: by turns they succeeded. Chrisna then stretched out her head; but behind Zagrab she encountered the tawny face of the Rousniaque; behind the prisoner, the penetrating glance of Zény.

There was a moment when more than a pause was made along the whole line; this was a genuine alarm.

The peasants of Herzegovina, like those of Bosnia, half savage, divided by differences of race as well as of religion, some Roman Catholics, some Orthodox Greeks or even Mussulmans, live among themselves in a state of almost perpetual warfare. Always on the *qui vive*, their shepherds, as they guard their flocks, keep their guns on their shoulders, and their suspicious eyes are turned rather in the direction of their neighbors than in that of the wolves.

Crossing arid and half-wooded hills, the Slaves, wanting water, had seen a light smoke arise from some cottages scattered here and



there among the copses and rocks, at a considerable distance from each other. These are what are called in this country, as well as in Montenegro, villages. They resolved to knock at the door of one of these habitations. Half way there, they were received by the furious howling of enormous dogs, chained at the foot of a tree, and who served as watch-dogs to the family.

The cottage to which they addressed themselves, elevated scarcely above the ground, with its walls made of loam and its roofs covered with reeds, they found battlemented and surrounded with ditches and fortifications, behind which quickly appeared an old man with bristling hair and bearded face, his girdle gleaming with the pommels of pistols. Near him was a group of women with veiled faces and even children, brandishing sabres and carbines.

Summoned to their homes by the barking redoubled in every direction, men, mostly clad in the skins of animals, appeared in their turn on the outskirts of the forests, or emerged from among the rocks. As well as the shepherds, all were armed with guns, and hatchets hung at their sides. These were trappers, hunters of the bear or the buffalo, or collectors of the honey which the bees of Herzegovina deposit in the old trunks of trees transformed by them into hives. United by a common danger, postponing to the morrow their mutual hatred, they presented themselves without delay before the Slaves, the men in a double rank, arms in hand; the women behind them, and the children, grouped in the rear, preparing cartridges and coming to the school of their fathers in order to accustom themselves to the whistling of balls.

Though the pride of Zény revolted at seeing a handful of peasants dare to offer him battle, it did not suit him to engage in a conflict where success, though certain, could bring about only negative results.

It therefore became necessary to come to terms with them. These men were for the most part Croats, whom a caprice of politics, a convention of diplomacy, had incorporated with Bosnia, and transferred from the dominion of Austria to that of Turkey. Zagrab was commissioned by the chiefs to make his ancient comrades listen to reason; he parleyed with them and succeeded in making an arrangement. In consequence of this alarm, a council was held of which the Cattaran soldier formed

a part; it was decided that, before traversing more populous countries, in order not to alarm the inhabitants by the apparent menace of a too numerous troop, they should divide into two grand sections, each of which, taking a different route, should be itself divided into little bands, which afterwards, at a given time, should re-unite at a common rendezvous, *The Ruins*.

Zény congratulated himself more and more at having made a companion and an auxiliary of the Cattaran soldier, a man of good courage and good counsel.

Among the Slaves, all the leaders at present shared this opinion, with the exception only of the Rousniak. The latter conceiving that Zagrab had taken his place in the troop only through a presentiment of the fate reserved for him in case of refusal, and that he would soon attempt flight, did not lose sight of him, and was irritated to madness by the eulogies of which he was the object.

While they were climbing a steep mountain, he said to Dumbrosk, taking him aside,—

"Listen to me, comrade; I suspect the Austrian soldier, do you know? He will bring us misfortune: I tell you so. We two were to have put an end to him, up above there; well, during our night's march, let us execute in Herzegovina the project conceived in Montenegro? Does that suit you, *hein*?"

To the profound surprise of the Rousniak, Dumbrosk shook his head and replied,—

"Look elsewhere, comrade; I cannot do it."

"And why so?"

"My old witch of a mother, who knew every thing, not only the plants of the earth which we trample under foot, but the stars of heaven which are over our heads, said to me: 'Boy, when you have once shot a man from behind, or stealthily planned to rid yourself of him in any manner, if the thing does not succeed, beware of repeating it against the same person; otherwise you will not only have killed a man, but made of him a *vud-kolak*, a vampire, which by night during your sleep, will suck your blood.' This was what my mother repeated to me twenty times. Thank you! I prefer not to risk myself."

"You believe in that, do you, Dalmatian?"

"You believe in nothing, *Wild Boar*!"

"You are a child, go! With such stupid ideas, you will never kill anybody!"

It was thus that among these grand woods, Chrisna on her side Zagrab on his, Margatt



the prisoner, the Rousniague, each had his secret thought; a multitude of emotions, of hopes, of fears, of interests foreign to the enterprise, contended with each other; love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, all the passions murmured secretly; a thousand projects, some generous, others mysterious but terrible, crossed each other and hovered, like a cloud charged with thunder, over the little nomadic society, which seemed, apparently, to be occupied only with the road to be pursued and the object to be attained.

As for George Arnstein, we should say since he had seen his protectress, less anxious for his liberty perhaps, he appeared occupied particularly in arranging his gown in more graceful, more studied folds.

Meanwhile the project of separating into two bands was put into execution. Under the orders of Ogulin, half of the troops, drawing off to the left, gained the open country, scattering in small sections as had been agreed upon.

To the great regret of Zagrab, the *Wild Boar* was not included; his Argus remained near him; he had always there, beside him, that squinting and inquisitive eye, that horrible face, scarred by a hideous leprosy. He measured with discouragement the little time which remained to him for the fulfillment of his double mission. The dispersion of the Slaves in reduced bands, incapable of resisting an imposing force which might impede their passage, was something, it was not enough. Sometimes, when they searched the summit of a high and bold mountain, he would cast an interrogative look around the horizon; but there, any more than in the intermediate forests and valleys, nothing appeared which responded to his thoughts, to his hopes. He was therefore left to act alone!—not a companion on whom he could rely,—his only accomplice, a woman!—a woman shut up in a litter, under the guard of a duenna, and whom he dared not approach, for fear of awakening the suspicions of Zény or those of the Rousniague. His isolation was becoming fatal to his energy.

He asked himself what interest so powerful had he in the deliverance of the young Hungarian? On the other hand, he felt his projects of vengeance, his hatred against the Slavonian, escaping from his heart by degrees, as water escapes from the vase drop by drop through a fissure. Whatever was good

and spontaneous in his nature pleaded in favor of this man who had given him the name of friend. Then he took the resolution only to assist Chrisna in fulfilling her vow with regard to the prisoner, since he had engaged to do so, and to leave the rest to God.

Though he had thenceforth to march only in a single direction, the road was still rugged and difficult.

They had traversed the forests in the direction of the Dalmatian frontier; mountainous and ravined ground, upon which was scattered here and there a few cabins, resembling the dens of wild beasts, developed itself to the eye beneath the warm vapors of evening which were ascending from the depths of the valleys; a more connected line of mist revealed the presence of the Narenta, which they were at last approaching. This sight restored some energy to the troop, and they hastened their march, descending towards the river, which they soon reached, but without the power to quench their thirst there, owing to the steepness of its banks. The heat was oppressive; at the base of the mountains, were seen little lakes whose motionless waters reflected a metallic gleam; in the paths leading to habitations, they encountered rare herds of cattle or sheep with twisted horns, which, with drooping ears and anxious eyes, regained their stables breathlessly; a storm was threatening, the atmosphere was sultry, and the cavaliers, half asleep, gave themselves up to the movements of their horses.

The Slaves were thus coasting along the banks of the Narenta, when the mule laden with their munitions of war, which they had hidden in packages of merchandize to give them a pacific air, made a bound and suddenly disappeared in the river, borne away by a rapid current.

This accident, the true cause of which no one but Zagrab suspected, might prove fatal to the enterprise. Zény did not hesitate. They were only a few leagues from the Turkish city of Moztar, celebrated for its manufactory of arms. He had formerly had relations with it, and immediately repaired thither, accompanied only by his faithful Marko and a few of his men; but the Rousniague was not of the number.

No matter! as beneath a deleterious, disorganizing influence, the troop was diminishing; the most efficient leaders, Ogulin, Marko, Zény himself had just left it. But it was

necessary to make haste in order to attain the object before the return of Zény.

The Croat was reflecting upon this, when, not far from him, the litter stopped. The bearers, exhausted with fatigue, refused to take another step forward, and those who were to replace them objected that the time for the exchange had not come. Among such men, discussions took place with closed fists, and arguments left a mark. The conflict was about to commence; Zagrab interfered, appealed to the well-disposed who would consent to play the part of substitutes, and, preaching by example, offered himself first.

When old Paoli Mackenwitz, to whom Zény had delegated the command, arrived at the spot in order to settle the disturbance, he heard only the shouts which were arising in honor of the new bearer of the litter; and he saw him at his post, active and proud, with the pole on his shoulder, behind the palanquin. The *Wild Boar* did not understand this manœuvre, which seemed to deprive the Cattaran of the means of escaping; nevertheless he promised to do his best to watch him.

Master of the position, having at last approached Chrisna, openly and with the approbation of the Slaves, Zagrab, who had found means to select for a companion in his task, an Albanian soldier little conversant with the Illyrian dialects, and who had, besides acquired the surname of *Deaf-Ear*, patiently awaited the favorable moment.

They had regained the forest, whose shade, rendered more dense by that of evening, threw our travellers into complete obscurity. A curtain of foliage was then raised, two hands met as if in recognition, and that which trembled on the other during this rapid contact, was not the smallest and softest.

Zagrab kept himself as closely as possible to the body of the litter; Chrisna advanced her head towards him, and he could exchange with her words enough to learn her intentions, to tell her what he had already done, and consult her on what remained to do.

"At the approaching halt!" said the young woman; "it will be too late to-morrow."

And she informed him of the intelligence which she had obtained from her old cameriste.

During this conversation, whose suppressed murmur was easily lost amid the sound of the footsteps, the complaints, the oaths of the rest of the caravan, the last fragment of the

gold chain passed from the hands of the Montenegrine into those of the Croat to be restored to the owner; then the curtain of foliage was dropped, and Chrisna found herself face to face with Margatt, who remained in her place, immovable, silent, and as it were in a state of torpor.

"The moment is approaching, Margatt," said she to her.

Margatt did not reply.

"Are you asleep, my good Margatt?"

"No, I am not asleep; I am thinking," at last replied the old woman in a dry and brief tone.

"Were you thinking of our project?"

"Of our project!—Say yours, *ma mignon*, and my opinion is that we should both do well to renounce it."

"Do you think so, Margatt? renounce it?—Has your courage failed, just at the moment of action, and when every thing seems to favor us? Zény is absent; the obscurity which reigns at this hour, the forest, even the storm which is gathering, all must be favorable to our success."

"But what would you have me do alone, one, a feeble creature, against all these miscreants?"

"You will not be so much alone as you think for, Margatt; Dumbrosk will aid you. Perhaps there may be found in the company some kind soul who will lend him assistance. As for you, the only thing you have to do, is to act with your husband, to persuade him—that is all."

"That is all!—excuse me!—you speak quite at your ease!—that is all! one would think the matter in question was simply to tame a chaffinch! Besides, do you not hear, as well as myself, in the depths of these woods, the screams of the owl and the osprey? That is a bad sign. You bewitched me this morning, but it was madness; I renounce it! Explain your affair to the good Virgin, and withdraw your vow; she will not bear malice, certainly! Tell her that it was I who was unwilling."

As she was still speaking, a shock was felt in the litter. They had arrived at the evening halt.

Already lighted torches were illuminating here and there the centre of a vast chestnut wood. Chrisna, without thinking of leaving her place, seeing all her hopes ruined, was redoubling her entreaties with her capricious

and intractable companion, without being able to obtain any thing from her, when a tall shadow was outlined on the side of the litter; a large round head introduced itself—it was Dumbrosk.

After having cast upon the women a half curious, half smiling glance, he said, addressing Chrisna:—

“You must have been cold within there!”

Turning afterwards to Margatt,—

“Good evening, old woman; have you any liquor about you? The sun has drank up mine, and nearly finished me too, the sot!”

To any one else, the apostrophe and the question would have seemed equally abusive. It was not so with Dame Margatt! What imported it to her what epithet her little *Dumb* spoken in addressing her! He has at least spoken to her! He has at last broken that almost ten years’ silence which afflicted her so much. As for his request, nothing could be more simple or more natural. In fact, the respectable follower of Chrisna was accustomed never to travel without providing herself with a little willow flask well filled with some comforting cordial, rum or arrack. She hastened therefore to search in her pocket and draw from it the beloved flask. In her precipitation, she took out every thing, the fragment of the gold chain, which she immediately restored to its hiding place, and the bottle of osier, which she presented to her husband, with the most gracious grimace she could compose.

Dumbrosk, after having emptied it at one draught—à la *regalade*, restored it to her, accompanied by a: “Thanks my good Margatt!” which had nearly overcome the happy creature. Then, returning to Chrisna, he said,—

“The master is not here to watch over you, but be tranquil, Montenegrine, I will charge myself to do so, by order of the Pole. You will not have here a pretty little grotto as above there; but the leaves of the trees will make a soft couch for you as well as for Mme. Dumbrosk.”

And he took leave of the two women, in order to put into execution his projects of gallantry.

Margatt opened her eyes wide. Had she understood clearly? was it not a dream? “My good Margatt! Madame Dumbrosk.” She had nervous tremors; she was no longer mistress of herself. For the second time

since morning completely metamorphosed, she had recovered her good-will; she no longer doubted of success!

“Decidedly, I have been too severe with him,” said she; “if his proceedings towards me have not always been agreeable, there has been on his part more thoughtlessness than malice; he was so young! Youth must indeed pass away! Yes, I was wrong in despairing so soon. He will return to me!”

And already the future opened new horizons of happiness in the direction of Cœdenburg; and in the transports of her joy, taking the hands of Chrisna, almost as happy as herself, she chanted all those Hungarian airs with which she pretended to have lulled to sleep formerly her young master and beloved lord, Count George Arnstein Zapolsky.

Meanwhile, the chestnut wood had been transformed into a camp. By the care of Paoli, provisions had been distributed; each, preparing his couch as well as possible, sought a corner of mossy ground, where a tree might furnish him at once with a shelter and a pillow. Fires kindled, not to secure against the cold, but to keep off the wild beasts, presented besides, to the most dainty of the troop, the facility for comforting the stomach by a warm supper.

Dumbrosk did not delay his return to the litter; he brought provisions to the two women. Faithful to the engagements made with herself, Chrisna had laid in her provisions in advance. As for Margatt, happiness had taken away her appetite. At this moment, she said, she only felt disposed to shake off the stiffness of her limbs, and would willingly yield to her dear Dumb the double portion, if the latter, after having supped, would consent to accompany her in a walk. She had much to say to him.

All this was said by her, not in a single wave, but by little ripples of words, mounting one above another and invading the ground in proportion as it appeared to be accessible.

“If you have any thing to say to me, Marguerite,” replied the colossus, attempting to soften the tones of his sonorous voice, “I have an hour at your service. The *Wild Boar* is keeping guard beside the Magyar, until I relieve him; the child is asleep, and his bed too well surrounded for him to stir from the spot; then, if the Montenegrine can do without you, the moment is favorable for a walk; supper will come afterwards.”

Chrisna hastened to give her full acquiescence, and refusing to profit by the bed of foliage which the Dalmatian had prepared for her, remained in her litter, with her eyes fixed on Zagrab and on the prisoner.

The two spouses, at the same pace, but at a little distance from each other, gained, to the great astonishment of some Slaves who perceived them, the open road before them, and were soon lost in the obscurity.

This was the same road the band had taken in order to reach the chestnut wood. From the recesses of the dense thickets, the owl and the osprey were still uttering their mournful cries; but the triumphant Madame Dumbrosk no longer thought them presages of misfortune.

#### CHAPTER IV.—DALMATIAN BUCOLICS.

WITH modest reserve, stifling with happiness, her eyes cast down, and her heart palpitating, Dame Margatt believed herself still on that happy day when, walking beside her beloved giant, she had been to receive the nuptial benediction in the chapel of Edenburg. The poor woman forgot that the nuptial benediction had been followed by the wedding repast, and the wedding repast by neglect and desertion.

Without thinking that the shadows were falling thick between them, she secretly addressed to the prodigal son who seemed to be returning to her, an affectionate glance, which did not reach its destination; then, she drew nearer to him, and after some hesitation, under pretext that the inequalities of the path made her stumble, suddenly took his arm, uttering a sigh.

Dumbrosk allowed her to do so, and even submitted with a good grace to this gentle embrace.

After a few moments of silence, the wife murmured,—

"We have many things to say to each other, Dumb."

"I believe you, Margatt; I am all ears; perhaps I have something to tell you in my turn; and first, let us sit down."

He gained one of the banks by the roadside, and threw himself at the foot of a birch-tree.

When the gentle Margatt had seated herself beside him, with her hand on the knee of her beloved, she said to him,—

"My little Dumb, do you remember Edenburg?"

"Was it to talk about Edenburg that you brought me here? Talk of the sun and moon, if you will, Hungarian woman, though at present neither are visible; talk of your mistress, the Montenegrine, if such is your pleasure; I am very willing. It is perhaps on this subject that you have some confidence to make me. Have you any reason to complain of her? Has she offended you? If she is Madame Zény you are Madame Dumbrosk—let her remember!"

"I have nothing to say of her, but of ourselves, Dumb, and though you do not seem in a humor to dwell upon times past, yet it is of those times especially that I wish to converse with you. I have my reasons!"

"If you have your reasons, Marguerite, and they are good ones, it is enough!—that is another thing," replied the Dalmatian with entire submission.

"Where will be the harm, Dumb, though we do refresh our memories a little by referring to that joyous period when you paid your court to me, sir? Do you remember the day when you arrived in the country with your mother who told fortunes? How poor and puny you both were! According to the custom, I sheltered and entertained you, for three days, in the back-yard of the chateau, on the side of the kennel. You devoured every thing that was offered you, little gourmand, and had not then enough; you even took of the portion of the dogs. I do not remind you of this to reproach you; it is only to say that before arriving at our house, you had known poverty, poor child! Afterwards, your mother pretended that you were good for nothing but to watch the hogs; but I had a better opinion of you from having seen you swim in Lake Neusiedler. You swam from Edenburg to Eust without leaving the salt water; three leagues! and when you emerged from it, all dripping, you might have been taken for the spirit of the lake, the goblin of the reeds, you were so straight, tall, and well-formed. You had no longer on those villanous ragged garments! And to keep hogs with such a form! no! So I immediately looked about for some other occupation for you. Thanks to the Abbé Giuliani, our young master's tutor, I had a place given you in the pheasantry of the chateau; pheasants are more noble than swine. It was your business to gather ants



eggs to feed the birds. Going out in the morning you scarcely returned at evening; you played truant in the woods; you loved only the woods. What was to be done, as that was your taste? I caused you then to be appointed game-keeper in the forests of my lord; but instead of watching the poachers, as was your duty, you began to poach with them. No matter, I was not discouraged, so much was I pleased with you already."

"Here is a pretty litany!" murmured Dumbrosk, folding his arms; "you have a good memory, Hungarian."

"Patience!" replied Margatt, who, in order to introduce the subject adroitly, and awaken in the heart of the ingrate sentiments too long suppressed, had thought herself very ingenious in reminding him at first, in the form of a preamble, of all the gratitude he owed her and the abject state from which she had drawn him. "Yes, you pleased me," resumed she; "besides, had I not become your only protectress? Your mother had already been driven from the country as a gypsy—"

"And a thief!" interrupted the Dalmatian. "But I have allowed you to talk long enough, I hope. If I have been willing to postpone my supper, it was not entirely to hear you expatiate long on ancient history. Dispatch,"

"What I wish above all to remind you of, Dumb," resumed Margatt, at first slightly disconcerted, but soon recovering herself "is not of our love, but only of the comfort we then enjoyed. My lord was already at the University with his tutor; I was then of some consequence at Edenburg. What good times! Every evening you came to the chateau to warm yourself at the kitchen fire, and poach upon the roast meat, as you had done on the game. I had a good place, and you the same—a good shelter where we might both have remained at our ease," added she with a sigh; "but Heaven did not permit it."

And Margatt, approaching Dumbrosk, and lowering her voice, resumed all at once in a solemn and mysterious tone,—

"Well! if you will, Dumb, this good time may return!"

"Ah! bah!" said the latter with an alluring air. "And how so, my good Marguerite?"

"Listen to me, *mignon*. At present, you are passing your life in running about without knowing whither you are going, or in fighting without knowing against whom. You are not always sure of making four meals;

every night, you must lie on the ground, and sleep badly, for fear of pandours; every morning you run the risk of awakening to the sound of an arquebusade, with a leaden bullet in your head. Tell me, would it not be more pleasant more agreeable, to resume your ancient life, to recommence it anew, as if you had never left the banks of the Neusiedler?—to find it more delightful still, more joyous, with an honest income, a large, free life, which would cost you but one good act. Would that suit you, Dumb?"

"Explain yourself clearly," cried Dumbrosk; "did you dream all that, or has some fairy been making you fine promises?"

"A fairy? perhaps so," replied Margatt.

"Then it is the Montenegrine!"

"Why the Montenegrine? Do I not know more than she does about things at Edenburg? It is an idea which has occurred to me, and which must have entered your head as well as mine; for you knew, before I did, the name of the Magyar—of this prisoner who accompanies us."

"His name? I have troubled myself very little about it! All I know is, that his relative, the old boar whom we are about to attack in his lair, is a Zapolsky."

"Well! was not Count Frederick, my former master, a Zapolsky?"

"Is the youth also a relative of Count Frederick? His nephew, perhaps?"

"Better than that, Dumb; his son, his own son. It is our young master, the legitimate owner of the chateau of Edenburg, the child whom I dandled on my knees!"

"And whom you detested, as you have told me a hundred times."

"He was so roguish? Besides, I then detested all children; I had as it were a presentiment that I should never be a mother!"

And the glance of Margatt, laden with tender reproach, was directed towards the Dalmatian, on whom it seemed to produce the same effect as the blow of a pin on an anvil.

"But," resumed the latter, "of what use can this Count d'Arnstien, admitting that it be indeed himself, be to us, now that he has fallen into the claws of the Slavonian, as a wren into those of a vulture!"

"Has not Zény given him to you to guard, little Dumb? If you leave the cage open, the bird will fly."

"You are right—nothing is easier! Brute that I am," said he, striking his forehead,



not to have divined it at the first word! But if I deliver him from the clutches of the Slavonian, is it very certain that it will be turned to my account?"

"That is understood, little Dumb; it is a thing agreed upon," said Margatt, radiant with joy at seeing the good turn the affair was taking; nothing shall be wanting of what I promised you—the right of fishing the right of hunting, and the rest. He has declared it, the worthy young man; he is a noble man, his word is enough."

"You have then spoken with him, my good Marguerite?"

"No."

"Then how do you know that such is his intention?"

"I will tell you by and by; I know, let that suffice. So you consent!"

"The young count said it to the Montenegrine, then?"

"No!"

"But the Montenegrine has something to do with it, has she not?"

"No, little Dumb; it is I,—I alone."

"Tell the truth, my good Marguerite, was it she who advised you?"

"No, no, my child."

"Thou liest viper," suddenly exclaimed the giant, resuming his formidable tone. "Thou liest! The proof that you are speaking here in the name of another, is that your services have been paid for in advance by that trinket which you are concealing there."

And by a rapid gesture, hastily thrusting his hand into the pocket of the cameriste, he drew from it the fragment of the gold chain.

At the unexpected exclamation of her beloved bandit, Dame Margatt at first remained stupefied, with gaping mouth, but as soon as she trembled for her chain, her presence of mind returned.

By a sudden clairvoyance, she thought she had now divined Dumbrosk's object in apparently becoming reconciled to her; his little attentions, his civilities, all seemed explained by a single fact. When she handed the flask to him, he had seen the end of the chain peep from her pocket at the same time; and it was to steal it, to despoil her of this long coveted treasure, that the wolf had treacherously become a sheep.

Her supposition, probable as it was, did not even half enlighten her on the real motives which had actuated Dumbrosk.

If Dumbrosk, not without a heroic effort, had succeeded for several minutes in suppressing the asperities of his rough nature, in sheathing his claws, in subduing the harshness of his coarse voice, it was less through cupidity than in obedience to the orders of his general.

At the preceding halt, a witness of the signs of intelligence between Chrisna and the prisoner, Zény, unexpectedly struck with a jealous thought had resolved to learn, as soon as possible, whether it was well founded. In order to obtain certain information, could he at once address himself to Chrisna? Whether she was guilty or not, this would be to provoke an explosion which would be inconvenient under present circumstances. Margatt, constantly with her mistress, must necessarily be acquainted with the intrigue; but the pride of the Slavonian could not stoop to ask information of such a woman, before whom he must necessarily display his weakness and his suspicions, perhaps unjust. It had therefore occurred to him that his thick-skulled Dalmatian would, in quality of husband, perform the task much more easily than himself, and without compromising the pride of the chief of the Slaves. Before setting out for Mostar, he had come to an explanation with Dumbrosk, who, little diplomatic by nature, had accepted this honorable mission only as an unpleasant duty imposed upon him by military discipline.

It was thus, that, in spite of himself he had been obliged to play his part in this species of conjugal bucolics; but if, until now, this pair of birds of prey had pretended to coo like doves, the scene had just suddenly changed; the husband had already resumed his habits of violence and brutality, and the tender spouse, bristling in her turn, did not appear to be disposed to yield without a struggle.

Seizing the fragment of the chain, which she held by one end, and the Dalmatian by the other, she exclaimed,—

"Give me that, Dumb! give it to me!—it is my property!—or rather, it is the property of the Montenegrine!"

"Thou liest! it is the price she paid for thy silence on the subject of her amours with the Magyar. It is confiscated."

And, giving the contested object a shake, he forced the duenna to let go of it.

"Ah! brigand!"

Bounding like a lioness which had just been robbed of its whelps, Margatt essayed, but vainly, to imprint her nails on the face of the giant, then standing, and consequently out of her reach.

"Give me my chain, robber! give me my chain, swinesherd!—kill me at once, wretch!"

"Patience in your turn, my dove. Ah! you thought me capable of betraying my master and forsaking my brave companions! Why? I ask you! To go and shut myself up in a Hungarian hovel with your old tanned hide, which is good for nothing but a drum head."

"Give me my chain!" repeated Margatt, struggling with all her might.

But the other did not stir. Seizing both Margatt's hands in one of his own, with that which remained free suspending the fragment of the chain before the eyes of his captive, he said,—

"There is your chain, enjoy the sight of it, and count the links, while a ray of moonlight falls upon us."

In fact, at this moment, the moon, as if attentive to this singular scene, showed itself amid dense copper-colored clouds.

"May fire roast you!" suddenly exclaimed Dumbrosk. "There is but half the chain! Where is the other half?"

"I will not tell you!—give me my chain!—my chain!"

"If this trinket is really yours, as I doubt not, it belongs to me, old woman. In a well-ordered household, are not all things in common? But the Montenegrine is not the woman to do things by halves; where have you put the other half?"

And, again thrusting his hand into Margatt's pockets, he transferred their contents into his own, even to an old pair of scissors, a silver thimble, and a ball of thread, whose weight announced the presence of a secret treasure, the fruit of the savings or rapines of the old cameriste.

During this spoliation, which she was powerless to prevent, Margatt's rage became convulsive; her little eyes flashed lightning, which illuminated the red edges of her eyelids.

"Ah, wretch! ah, brigand!" exclaimed she, stiffening and writhing in her attempts to escape the vigorous clutches which held her.

"You are despoiling me! you are robbing me! Is that all you want, zingaro?"

"No, my angel, it is not all, and, while we

are conversing on various subjects, like good people who have nothing better to do, you shall, here, this very moment, tell me what are the relations between the prisoner and the Montenegrine. I am curious to know. Come, come, keep still; I do not wish you to grind your teeth, but to play your tongue. You love to talk, let us talk. Tell me what signified those gestures which both made on that great thoroughfare of Herzegovina, where we halted about noon, and where you favored them by pretending to be in search of something which you had not lost. What did they say to each other? What did they mean to say? *Hein!* you know, do you not?"

"Give me what you have taken from me brigand! and let go my arm, you hurt me!"

"Do not turn the conversation, my good woman. Listen to me. You must tell me all; if not, as sure as I am the son of my mother, who was, like yourself, an accursed witch, with the hand which remains free, I will strangle you! and very soon these owls, which now and then, from the recesses of the woods, mingle their conversation with ours, shall eat out your eyes and the little flesh which is left on your poor carcass; is that your will? No; well then, speak."

"I tell you you hurt me!"

"Will you speak?"

"Give me my chain, assassin! give me all that—"

She did not finish; the last words of the sentence remained in her throat, interrupted in their passage by the hand of the bandit.

With her neck throttled, and her wrists as it were between two vices, Margatt remained motionless, her body stiff, her eyes projecting, her cheeks scarlet, uttering a plaintive rattle which resembled an imprecation as much as a supplication.

"I have but to raise my arm and lift you from the ground; you would be hung, and I a widower," resumed Dumbrosk; "my fingers without being hemp, can do the work of a rope. It is very convenient to be at once the gallows and the executioner. But I will be gentle," said he, loosening his grasp so that his victim could breathe a little. "Let us see, old woman, will you speak now?"

"Yes! yes!" replied she in a stifled and hissing voice, "I will speak."

"Very well! What said the Montenegrine? what do you know about her and the Magyar?"

And for the moment he restored to her the double liberty of motion and of speech.

Margatt let herself slide to the foot of the tree; on her kness, with her trembling hands thrust into her hair, which hung in long, gray locks over her shoulders, she remained thus several minutes, panting, struggling to recover her breath. Then, letting her hands fall on the ground, as if with discouragement, she murmured,—

"I will speak! I will speak! can I do otherwise since the brigand compels me to? And yet he has given me back nothing, neither my gold chain, nor my poor money, which I had found means to conceal so well! And to think that he is my husband! and that it was I who willed it when I had but to choose!"

"Come! come! no complaints, mother, and speak quickly; or—"

And, stooping towards her, he showed her his two hands, half bent, of which each approached her neck.

But suddenly bounding to her feet, her strength doubled by rage, Margatt exclaimed, throwing a double handful of dust into his face:—

"You shall know nothing, brigand!"

And before the Dalmatian, stupified with surprise, and half blinded, could recover himself, darting on him, she buried her nails, hard and crooked as those of a panther, in his face. He attempted to thrust her aside, but his hand encountered the large mouth of his worthy companion, and the howl which escaped him, sufficiently proved that her teeth had deeply penetrated his flesh.

Satisfied with her victory, but renouncing the honor of remaining mistress of the battlefield, Margatt immediately broke through the forest, leaving on the branches of the trees and on the thorns of the bushes, fragments of her garments, even of her hair, and fled uttering stifled cries which were responded to by the screeching of the owls, the buzzards and the ospreys, suddenly alarmed on their nocturnal perches.

Swearing furiously, and rubbing his eyes so as almost to start them from their sockets, Dumbrosk at first remained immovable. When he was preparing to pursue the fugitive, he thought he heard, amid the discordant cries around him, the sound of a gun and the whistling of a ball among the foliage.

This sound, this whistling, was thrice repeated.

It is the call of the sentinels, doubtless; there is an alarm in the camp. He regains the road; near the chestnut wood, he perceives torches going and coming, crossing each other in every direction; he listens; confused murmurs are mingling with the mutterings of distant thunders.

At the same instant, the rapid gallop of a horse reaches his ear.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE RUINS.

IN that part of Dalmatia which formerly belonged to the little republic of Ragusa, not far from the Narenta, on an uncultivated and desert soil, but where the hand of man has left as traces some plantations of olive-trees and Corinthian grapes, now stand, half buried beneath the sand, a few miserable buildings, tottering, dilapidated, and justly called *The Ruins*.

These ruins, formerly built, then abandoned, by German or Dalmatian settlers, such as may be met with, formed into colonies, in the most sterile parts of the country, rest on one side against a little mountainous chain, the last branches of which, scarcely rising from the ground, fence them in in front as if to serve as ramparts. On the left, along this crest, abound thickets of briars and of acacias, in the midst of which fruit-trees, formerly designed to be cultivated and trimmed, can scarcely be perceived, stifled as they now are by this spontaneous and exuberant vegetation; on the right, lies outspread a vast plain which permits the eye to rove as far as the terraced summits of the forests of Herzegovina. A large excavated road, yawning before the principal building, serves as a way of communication with the plain.

It was there, among these ruins, that a little red and stubbed man, Assan the Morlaque, at first sent, in company with Marko, to treat with the old Zapolsky, and left in this spot to study the localities, had, during a week, awaited the arrival of the Slaves.

Of Turkish origin, like all those of his race, agile and vigorous, capable of clearing at three bounds the steepest peaks, of climbing trees like a wild cat, always in motion, always active, always smiling, but with a smile which cleft his mouth from ear to ear, Assan had been surnamed *The Monkey* by his companions, and the latter considered him a very gay man. The joyous Morlaque was nevertheless

in case of necessity, employed by Zény in quality of distributor of thrashings or executor of important missions, honorable functions, of which he acquitted himself not only with zeal, but if we may so speak, with delight.

During his sojourn in this country, which was his own (for Morlachia, so celebrated by its sorcerers and its poets, is but a Dalmatian canton, one square more on this grand chequer-board of people of every sort), he had first studied the neighborhood of the dwelling of the old Count, he had measured its walls, sounded its ditches; sometimes even, at nightfall, gliding along a bastion, concealed beneath long tufts of ivy and clematis, he had been able, through the embrasure of a battlement, to cast his eye into the courts of the chateau, and had numbered its defenders.

Meanwhile Paoli, for some hours already installed at *The Ruins*, had received the detailed information of Assan only with a sad and serious countenance. The morning was passing away; Pierre Zény had not yet appeared; since daybreak a storm had been raging; an incessant thunder was shaking the clouds which were dissolving in torrents of rain. The old man was beginning to fail beneath the responsibility of the command, when, at the cry of an eagle thrice repeated, every face suddenly brightened, with the exception of that of Paoli, whose downcast and gloomy air was remarked by the Slavonian, even amid the acclamations of joy which saluted his return.

Immediately drawing him into one of the hovels, a long building where the Slaves had improvised a stable for their horses, and which Zény transformed for the present into a hall of conference,—

"What is the matter, my brave Pole, that a misfortune seems to be concealed under each hair of your old gray eyebrows?" asked he of him, letting fall his mantle and seating himself on a saddle lying on the ground. "Speak! what news?"

"Bad!" replied Paoli. "Disturbed on his march by the Bosniaque populations rising in arms against him, Ogulin has not yet been able to rejoin us; from the account of the messenger whom he has taken care to dispatch to us, he cannot be at *The Ruins* before night."

"Is that all?" said Zény, with the most deliberate air in the world; "nothing is com-

promised, since it is not until night that we could make our visit to Monseigneur Zapolsky. Are not mountains and the darkness our best auxiliaries?"

"Agreed, Pierre; Ogulin is punctual and skilful, I know; I believe he will rejoin us at the appointed hour; but can his footmen accompany him, now that the rains have washed the pathways? that would be, it seems to me, a task hard enough for his horsemen if I may judge by the horse of his messenger, which you may see yonder in that corner, and caparisoned with mud from head to foot."

"The sun is shining now, warm and golden; in a few hours, it will have dried up all the mud of the plain. Have you nothing more to tell me, my brave man? Then summon this messenger that I may interrogate him."

"What I have to say to you besides, Pierre, is that I fear the old Magyar is on the watch in our direction. Since yesterday, the Count has left his farms on the gulf; he has recalled his laborers, even those from the islands of Lezina and of Sabioncello, and a part of them have accompanied him into his castle, where he is now doubtless awake and well barricaded."

"By St. Demetrius! my old comrade, you are easily alarmed to-day; shall carbines tremble before shovels and pick-axes, Slaves before Magyars, soldiers before laborers? Assan must know all his manœuvres; tell that Morlaque monkey that I wish to speak to him. Is that all you had to inform me? Nothing more;—And the prisoner?"

"Bad news on that subject also, Pierre?"

The brow of Zény until then tranquil and smiling, suddenly became obscured.

"At the night halt," pursued the old Slave, without perceiving the emotion of the chief, "the prisoner, though he was placed between the Rousniaque and myself, suddenly freed himself from his bonds, and profited by the darkness and the sleep of all, to escape."

"He has gone! You have allowed him to escape!" howled Zény with fearful imprecations, which made the frightened ears of the horses ranged along the walls stand up.

And, without giving Paoli time to explain himself,—

"Miserable old man! why did I persist in confiding in you, in you alone? You were asleep, were you not? May Heaven confound and crush you! Go! it seems as if my poignard hissed in its sheath, as if my pistols were



preparing of themselves to fire upon you! Go! I am afraid of my anger!"

The old man stood at first as if stunned by the blow; then his trembling hand, after having been borne to his forehead, fell on the hilt of his sabre. But immediately as if speaking to himself, he murmured,—

"No! no! have I not myself chosen him as my chief—when I might perhaps have been his! No matter; I must respect in him the representative of the sacred cause to which I have devoted myself."

And restoring the blade to the scabbard, crossing his arms, and fixing on Zény a look laden with more of grief than of bitterness, he said to him,—

"Kill me, Pierre; but at least do not dishonor him whom you formerly called your father and your friend!"

Descended from a rich and noble family among the Slovachians of Hungary the young Paoli Mackewitz had gained his first ranks in the Austrian army. Become possessor of his fortune, he had lavished it entirely in the cause of Poland, in the regeneration of which he then saw the hope of Slavism. After having fought against the Russians, under the orders of Madalinsky and of Kosciusko, after having taken an active part in divers partial revolts, discouraged at last in this direction, less by reverses than by new convictions which had taken place in him, Paoli, notwithstanding the surname of Pole which he still retained had singularly modified and enlarged his ideas on the Slavic question. He saw the solution of it at present only in an appeal to all the races of the same origin, whether they were under the dependence of the Emperor, the Czar, or even that of the Sultan.

Returned to his country, he had just passed ten years in fighting against Germanism and Magyarism, when he encountered Pierre Zény in a secret society, established on the same basis as the *ventes* of Italian carbonarism. Zény then held a subaltern command in one of the military colonies of Austria. Ambitious, impatient to emerge from the low position in which, notwithstanding his want of birth and fortune, he had long felt himself restrained, a man of good mien, fluent speech, sometimes brilliant, endowed in the highest degree with that presumptuous confidence which sees nothing beyond its strength, the Slavonian soldier had soon dazzled the honest Slavic patriot. An intimacy was formed between

them, an intimacy especially cemented by a common love of the great country to which Zény had already given a pledge, by rudely severing the bands which attached him to the service of the Emperor.

Nevertheless, when it became necessary to carry his plans into effect, to make a new attempt to raise the old Slavic flag buried for so many centuries in the depths of the primitive soil, a plurality of voices was raised to proclaim as chief Paoli Mackewitz, the companion of Kosciusko.

Paoli, more disinterested than clear-sighted, placing the success of his cause above his own, alleging his age and the infirmities which were already attacking him, had himself transferred the suffrages to Pierre Zény.

Since then, he had not ceased to aid him by his advice and his experience. Better acquainted than he with the science of war, knowing more about armed conspiracies, he had, almost alone, prepared the plans, combined the measures which had given the appearance of triumph to this first insurrection, and always keeping himself in the shade, the old patriot had never turned aside to the benefit of his own vanity a single one of those rays which composed the aureola of Pierre Zény.

At a later period, intoxicated with the vapor of success, the latter listened only to his own inspirations; reverses came, and Paoli did not the less remain a submissive and faithful soldier.

Such was the respective position of these two men, when Zény thus threatened and insulted Paoli.

Before the pale countenance of the old man, before these memories, the Slavonian, moderating, not without effort, the thunder of his voice, said,—

"Perhaps I have been in the wrong to be angry. I had resolved to remain calm to-day, in order to sustain the confidence of our men. There are often more storms in my head than my face suffers to be divined. Is it my fault if they suddenly burst forth in spite of myself?—Give me your hand."

But Paoli remained with folded arms and in the same attitude.

"Do you not then comprehend," resumed Zény, stamping his foot, "that with this George Arnstein our last resource escapes us. Force and stratagem,—all fail us at once. Do you think then, that I am not, as well as

yourself, uneasy at the absence of Ogulin? This letter, which we intended to have dictated to our prisoner, might at least in part, have supplied the defect of our forces. What shall take its place?—The sabre and the carbine?—But will the sabre and the carbine be sufficient if, as you fear, Zapolsky has just reinforced himself by his bands of laborers? The Dalmatian militia will soon be summoned to his aid! Where is our prisoner? Doubtless with his uncle, to whom he is unveiling our march and our projects! Our enterprise has failed!”

“No, Pierre,” said Paoli at last, emerging from his silence; “Count George d’Arnstein is not with his uncle; he is still in your power.”

“What say you?” exclaimed Zény his brown eyes suddenly sparkling. “But why did you not tell me this at first?”

“Did you give me time, Pierre?”

“Pardon me, my brave comrade; but, let us see; he is still in my power, say you?”

“Yes, Pierre, thanks to Dumbrosk, who happened to be exactly on the route the young man was taking at a gallop. The Dalmatian did not hesitate to receive full in his breast the shock of the horse, in order to throw the rider.”

“But then, if the fugitive has been retaken why did you seem to have unpleasant news to communicate on this subject?”

“Because there is a traitor among us, Pierre. The young Count could not have escaped without being seconded in his attempt at flight.”

“And who is this traitor?”

“I!—yes, Pierre; I,—or the Rousniaque! We two were alone charged with the guard of the prisoner.”

“It is well! I understand!—And you are sure it was this accursed leper?”

“Yes; proofs against him are not wanting. At the cry of alarm, when I rose, the *Wild Boar* was no longer there; he had deserted his post; for it was his turn to keep his eyes open. Besides, it was on his horse that the young Count fled, and the cords which had served to bind him were found in the mantle of his accomplice.”

“The wretch!” murmured Zény with clenched fists. “And what did he say in his defence?”

“He pretended that he went away only to watch the Cattaran.”

“How?”

“A false pretext, Pierre; the Cattaran had not stirred from the enclosure where we had encamped. One of the first,—the very first, I believe, he had discovered the flight of the Magyar, and immediately mounted his horse in pursuit; but the girths had been cut,—doubtless by the Rousniaque, as you may see; for, if I am not mistaken, the saddle of this Cattaran serves you at this moment for a seat.”

“Jean is a brave soldier,—and we will do justice to all,” replied Zény.

The vain attempt at flight, whose final result seemed to have destroyed all the hopes of Chrisna, had been made thus.

George d’Arnstein had, in fact, been placed between Paoli and the Rousniaque, and each of them, by an excess of precaution, held in his hand an end of the cord which bound the prisoner. At a little distance before them, Zagrab seemed to be occupied exclusively with his last repast for the day. Quiet was beginning to be restored among this assemblage of men, just now talkative and turbulent.

With most, sleep had triumphed over hunger. Paoli himself, overcome with heat and fatigue, after having given the necessary orders for encampment and assured himself of the condition of the prisoner, slept extended on his mantle.

Doubly bound to wakefulness, the Rousniaque darted his wild glance more on the Croat than on the Magyar. He persisted in seeing in the Cattaran soldier only an enemy always ready to escape him.

Meanwhile the fires, no longer fed were beginning to languish and cast only fitful and reddish gleams. With the exception of the *Wild Boar*, all were asleep or seeming to be so.

At this moment, through the obscurity, the latter saw as it were a shadow rise from the ground before him, and slowly gain one of the most dense thickets of the forest.

He recognized the Croat.

After having hastily assured himself of the position of the prisoner, tranquil on this subject, he rose in his turn, took from among the weapons placed beside him his double barrelled carbine, which he immediately loaded, and sprang on his track.

Scarcely had he cleared the enclosure, when Zagrab, who, knowing the instincts of his

enemy, had carefully calculated his manœuvre, re-appeared there immediately, and near the very spot which the other had just left vacant. With the promptness and agility natural to the men of his country, he glided beneath the cloak which the Rousniaque had just left, took the poignard of the bandit and cut the bonds which detained the captive, leaving in the hands of Paoli only a useless end of floating cord.

Two minutes had not passed away, when the Count George d'Arnstein, having recovered possession of the second fragment of his chain, was proudly bestriding the very horse of the Rousniaque, and, after having thanked Zagrab by a gesture, and cast a look of regret towards the litter, free at last, galloped with loosened bridle along the first path which presented itself. But upon this route, he was destined to encounter Dumbrosk.

"Shall I send to you first Assan, or the messenger of Ogulin?" afterwards resumed Paoli.

"Neither! Send me Dumbrosk; tell the messenger to wait; tell Assan to go, well accompanied, to that Red Russian pig, and to administer to him fifty good blows of the leaded thong on his shoulders; we will afterwards decide what else shall be done with him. Go, comrade; forget what I said at a moment when the blood mounted to my brain to disturb it, as do our Slavonian wines; and let Dumbrosk come to me immediately."

An instant afterwards, the Dalmatian giant entered, stooping the door of the stable which, at this moment, served as an audience-hall to the King of the Danube.

"Ah! you are there, my faithful, my devoted servant!" said the master to him, accosting him familiarly and in a tone of joyous humor. "I have been informed of your noble deeds, Dumbrosk! If you are sometimes restive and undisciplined, we can at least rely upon your vigilance. I know that, thanks to your zeal, our captive is still our captive. I will not forget the service you have rendered us by arresting the eagle in his flight."

With downcast eyes, and wriggling his shoulders, the giant seemed to receive the congratulations of his master with an air full of modesty, like a child usually roguish and noisy, who for the first time, hears fall from the lips of his preceptor, compliments on his good conduct.

"And was it the eagle who thus disfigured your face?" asked Zény, seeking to dissimulate under a frivolous tone his most serious motive for this conversation.

"This," said Dumbrosk, "is indeed the mark of a claw, but of the claw of an owl. It was my tender spouse who sharpened her nails on my face."

"Ah! it is true, I forgot!" said Zény, attempting to preserve his air of indifference; "I had commissioned you to obtain from Margatt certain information—"

And he left the sentence unfinished.

"Information respecting the Magyar and the Montenegrine—yes, master," said the Dalmatian, completing the thought, which Zény, even before his confidant, dared not express more clearly.

"Well, you were then able to bring your wife to this conversation? What was the result of it?"

"It seems to me that the traces of the conversation are sufficiently visible," said the husband, pointing to the deep scratches which furrowed his visage. "It is just to say, however, that the dialogue did not commence thus. On the contrary she was at first all honey,—but with honey people may catch flies but not Dumbrosks. She was the first to mention the prisoner. Would you believe it, master? this handsome young Zapolsky was brought up by Marguerite. At least, she knew him as a child, and gave me to understand that if we could succeed in delivering this nobleman, we should both lead the life of a hospodar, which consists in folding one's arms and sleeping—except at meal-times."

"And what did she say of Chrisna?" asked Zény with more emotion than he wished to show.

"Nothing!—I could obtain nothing from her on this subject. It was in vain that I appealed to her by every fine sentiment, and even also a little by the threat—nothing!"

"Where is Margatt? I must speak to her! to herself—this instant!" exclaimed Zény, a prey to extraordinary agitation.

Dumbrosk scratched his ear,—

"What do you intend to do with her, master?"

"Where is she?" repeated the Slavonian.

"With her mistress, doubtless?"

"I do not think so. She has perhaps gone

to Cœnburg,—or elsewhere—but she has not returned from the wood—no one has seen her.”

“You have killed her!”

“I?” said Dumbrosk with a marked tone of repulsion; “I never knew but two women; my mother, who was no better than others, for she beat me till she tore my jacket, and afterwards beat me worse with rage at being obliged to mend it;—and my beloved Margatt—No matter! to us Transylvanian Dalmatians, women are as sacred as priests and poets. I may have my own ideas about them—I believe they are good for nothing, but I respect them. No, no, I should never have courage to kill a woman—even my own wife!”

“Margatt did not accuse Chrisna—Margatt was acquainted with the prisoner! She brought him up!” murmured Zény, with his hand on his forehead and talking to himself without listening longer to the words of Dumbrosk. “Why might not Margatt alone have conceived the project of the deliverance of this Zapolsky, associating the Rousniaque with it, by the hope of a reward? Those words of Chrisna which I wished interpreted, were addressed only to Margatt—that glance of the young man—Eh! is it not the disposition of these noble libertines to make grimaces thus before the beauty of women? Besides where and how could they have become acquainted? Come, come, jealousy has made me mad!”

Addressing himself then to Dumbrosk, he said,—

“Let there be no more question of this subject between us; forget what I have said to you, and keep silence on what you have supposed. I know now the real culprits; Chrisna has had nothing to do with this plot; I am convinced of it.”

“That is possible,” replied Dumbrosk, winking with a malicious air; “nevertheless, master, either my brain is out of order, or she has had a hand in it. Here are the proofs, which I found half in the pocket of Madame Dumbrosk, half in that of the Magyar.”

And, drawing from a sort of bag which hung at his girdle the two fragments of the gold chain, unrolling one with each hand, he made them glisten and jingle before the eyes of Zény.

The latter hastily snatched them from him, and with one bound sprang out of the stable.

#### CHAPTER VI.—STRATAGEM AND VIOLENCE.

ON the same line, but at a little distance from the stables, stood the principal ruin, which was opposite the excavated road and the little rocky hill, covered with brush and underwood.

In the second story of this building in two chambers, separated from each other by a long attic lighted on the side of the plain, were confined two prisoners; on one side, the Rousniaque, on the other George d’Arnstein.

The cell of the latter, defaced by the waters of rains, received the light through the rusty bars of a large, unglazed window, in the direction of the mountains. The capricious arabesques traced by humidity on the walls of this wretched lodging were its only decorations.

Arnstein, bound only by his feet, but under the guard of some well-armed soldiers, lay extended on the damp floor, having for a mattress and covering only his monk’s gown; for a pillow only his bent arm.

Nevertheless, exhausted by so many successive fatigues and emotions, he was still sleeping soundly; and in his dreams two women, the one fragile and blonde, smiling and adorned, the other with proud step and black eyes, were appearing to him by turns, like two consoling angels, and giving to his sleep the semblance of a voluptuous repose after a pleasant day of love and of fêtes.

The *Wild Boar* was not asleep; he was roaring with rage, protesting his innocence with an enforcement of oaths, and calling the master with loud cries. Instead of the master, it was Assan the Morlaque who presented himself.

On the ground floor of the building in a large, low, and square room, a species of barn with nitrified floor, and where the light entered only by an open door, were assembled the Slavic chiefs, some standing others seated in a circle, with their legs crossed; others still, extended half asleep, or leaning against the wall; all exhaling from their large pipes jets of bluish smoke which, rising to the ceiling seemed to suspend a cloud above their heads, and at least conceal from their eyes the miserable and naked aspect of the hall in which they were.



Old Paoli was conversing in a low tone with Ogulin's messenger; a little farther on, Marko was giving to those around him the details of his journey to Mostar; here and there, a voice was heard, now jesting, now anxious, inquiring respecting the health of Dame Margatt, and the nature of the wounds traced on the face of Dumbrosk, or cursing the delays in pursuing the enterprise. Nearer to the door, and consequently to the light, some were arranging before them in cabalistic numbers, black and sticky cards, and prognosticating to all glory and fortune; others, rattling dice in the dice-box, for want of money were staking the last buttons from their vests or the buckles of their hats. Zagrab alone, leaning back in a corner, against the wall, with the scrupulous care of a soldier seemed to be exclusively occupied in repairing the disorder of his garments sullied by the mud or torn by the briars.

Then, from time to time, a shadow suddenly intercepted the light and disappeared. It was Chrisna.

Still firm, unshaken in her resolution to fulfil her vow and save the prisoner, but having exhausted her resources and almost her hopes, thoughtful and with downcast brow, she was wandering about the ruins.

Sometimes, pausing on the threshold of the common hall, her eye would rapidly cast an interrogative glance on that of Zagrab.

In the midst of these conversations, these occupations, these queries of the Slaves, a more decided sound was heard without, and, followed by Dumbrosk, Zény hastily entered the hall. He went directly to the envoy of Ogulin, dismissed him in three words, then addressing Marko, said in a brief and panting tone:—

"Let the Magyar be summoned; before long he must have rendered us the only service which we can expect from him. Let him come then, let him write, and then die!"

Every head was raised.

"What!" said Paoli; "have we brought him all the way from Montenegro, only that he might die at our entrance into Dalmatia?"

At this moment, the ceiling of the hall seemed to bend beneath the trampling of feet, and they heard the Rousniaque howl beneath the whip which was scourging his shoulders.

"Can you guess whence those cries pro-

ceed?" pursued the Sclavonian, addressing Paoli; "ah! why did we not put an end to our prisoner in the Valley of Ferns! But for his presence among us, we should not have numbered one traitor in our ranks! It is time to open at last the correspondence between the uncle and nephew, and to close it at once: for, his letter written, I swear by the Danube, the Count George d'Arnstein shall die! Against a ransom taken by force, we will exchange a corpse and not a living man."

"Well spoken!" said Assan, who had just re-appeared in the hall, and who, satisfied with this first execution, was rubbing his hands at the idea of that which was to follow, more complete, more decisive. "But this corpse, are we to embarrass our baggage with it?" asked he.

The fitting shadow of Chrisna, at this moment appeared in the hall. Zény perceived it, and replied in a dry tone, fixing on the young woman the glance of a wild beast watching its prey:—

"Re-assure yourself, Assan; we will carry only the prisoner's head, which shall be salted and preserved, and which Zapolsky shall find uninjured, instead of his gold, in his emptied coffer!"

"By the soul of my father, which went out I know not which way, since he was hung, that is a good thought!" exclaimed the Morlaque monkey.

The laugh which received this sally of the joyous Assan, had hardly subsided, when the prisoner, preceded by Marko, made his entrance through a little door cut at the extremity of the hall.

His eyes half open, his step almost somnolent, his thoughts floating indecisively between the sweet dreams which had just cradled him and the contrast of his present position, George scarcely knew on which side the reality was to be found.

He made a movement and awoke entirely.

They presented to him a pen and some paper, enjoining him to write what they were about to dictate. He looked around him:—

"I see neither table nor seat," said he.

"You are right!" replied Dumbrosk; "one cannot think of every thing."

Seizing then a long board, half worm-eaten, which formed the only furniture of this dismal hall, he leaned it obliquely against the wall:—

"To horse, comrade; there are your chair and desk."

"I confess, gentlemen, that I dislike all species of writing," said the young man in a tone of impatient indolence.

"Write!" was the reply in an imperative voice.

"But in order to write, one must at least be able to see; and this obscure room, into which the light enters only by the door—"

"I will open the windows for you!" replied Dumbrosk, with one blow of his heel knocking down a whole pannel of the exterior wall; and he quietly went to rest himself among the group of smokers.

George saluted Dumbrosk with a courteous air, as if to thank him, and at the same time to compliment him on his strength and his inventive genius; then Marko presented the paper and pen to the prisoner; Assan held the inkstand for him.

"What is the matter in question, gentlemen?" asked George. "Do you require from me a bill of exchange? Fix the sum; but, alas! I very much fear that Joseph Grulman, my banker, will refuse to honor it."

"You are to correspond with the Seigneur Zapolsky, your relative," said Zény to him.

"Ah!" returned the young man with an air of hesitation and repugnance. Then, after having seemed to take his resolution, he added,—

"I am dependent upon you; I will obey. If it is another petition on the subject of what you call my ransom, I desire more than you, that it should succeed; but, between ourselves, we cannot expect much. The Seigneur Ladislas Zapolsky thinks more of his gold than of his nephew. No matter."

"The subject in question is not a demand of money!" interrupted Zény.

"So much the better," replied George. "Dictate, I am ready."

And while Zény, Paoli, and Marko, were deliberating between them on the tenor of the letter, he examined the point of his pen, turning towards the light, raised with his nail a light silken thread which had lodged in the cleft of the nib, and took his position, waiting with the most resigned air for the dictation to commence.

The soldiers looked at each other, astonished at this submission, some perhaps disappointed that they had not to employ violence to force the will of their captive. During this

time, Zagrab did not cease to keep his eyes fixed on Arnstein, but uselessly. The latter did not turn his head in that direction.

The object of the letter was to induce old Zapolsky to leave his chateau, accompanied by some of his bravest servants, to go to meet his nephew, detained by fever at Almissa, on the coast of the Adriatic, and who had something to reveal to him of the highest importance to his dearest interests. Thanks to this fable, Zény hoped to profit by the moment of the sortie of the old Hungarian to introduce himself into the place, or, better still, to seize him by an ambuscade, a capture which assured that of the chateau.

The tenor of the letter agreed upon, Zény addressed George:—

"Write," said he to him.

And he began to dictate the following lines:—

"Escaped at last, and not without difficulty, from the bandits—"

"Would to God it were so," murmured George, as he traced the words.

"But at present detained by fever at the convent of Almissa, I adjure you, my beloved uncle—"

The young man suddenly started back, shook his head and said,—

"I will not write that!"

"I shall know how to compel you to do so," replied Zény with a threatening gesture.

"Never!—I will not write it!"

"You shall write it!" exclaimed twenty threatening voices at once. Dumbrosk was already attempting to rise from the ground in order to rush towards the prisoner.

But, before his enormous body could recover its equilibrium, another, more active, had dashed towards George, with flaming glance, and seizing his hand with so much force as to crush it, replied,—

"You shall write!"

George uttered a cry of pain; his eyes were moistened with tears. But astonishment more than suffering was depicted on his countenance, when he recognized, in him who had first tortured him so cruelly, Zagrab,—Zagrab already once his deliverer.

Zény himself arrested him from the clutches of the Croat, and addressing the prisoner, said,—

"Why this refusal which nothing can explain? You seemed so well disposed to obey us."

"Do with me what you will," replied the young man with a warmth of language foreign to his habits, "but never, never will I call my beloved uncle him who, after having pursued my mother with his hatred, has always been pitiless to me."

"If that is all," returned Zény, "we will suppress the useless words and finish our missive."

George resumed the pen; but the iron fingers of the Croat had imprinted themselves too deeply in his fragile and delicate hand, the flesh of which was crushed; the pen escaped him. Zény was compelled to be patient. The prisoner was given half an hour to recover, and was remanded to his prison, without bonds this time, but still under a good guard.

Scarcely had he re-entered his garret when, upright, pale, with ardent and fixed glance Chrisna presented herself there in her turn; and addressing an imperative gesture to the soldiers, said,—

"I must speak to the prisoner; go away" They hesitated.

"What have you to fear? Are not these bars sufficient to re-assure you? Is it then for me that you are afraid? Well, remain in this corridor, but at a distance, for I must speak with him in secret; it is by the master's order! Go!"

Chrisna was the wife of their chief. The Slaves had always seen in her a creature apart, something strange and supernatural. They bowed and went out.

Motionless and mute before this unexpected apparition, George thought himself still dreaming. The presence of the protecting angel had sufficed to efface even the remembrance of his present situation, and, in the mobility of his careless mind, he was not now thinking even of his deliverance.

The young woman, without speaking, even without looking at him, after having for some time listened in the direction of the door, immediately went towards the window, detached from it a bar previously loosened, gently placed it on the floor, and fastened strongly to another bar of the casement the cord which had served to bind the captive.

"There is not a moment to loose," murmured she; "the little court situated beneath this window, is at present deserted; it opens on the mountain; fly!"

"Fly!" replied Arnstien; "but it is to leave you exposed to his fury!"

Without interrupting her work, Chrisna replied to him only by a half smile and a movement of the shoulders which seemed to manifest her contempt for life.

"No!" resumed George, "I have had enough of this last attempt at flight which was so unsuccessful; I renounce the struggle against fate; I will not deliver you to the resentment of that man."

"Is that all?" said Chrisna, approaching him; "I shall soon be in safety myself, and out of his power. Go! At the second turn of the mountain you will find a horse. Go! and may the Virgin be your guide; it is to her holy guardianship that I now confide you!"

"Well!" said George, kneeling before her and casting upon her an ardent glance of admiration, "let us fly together! On this condition I accept, and will owe to you more than liberty!"

"It is liberty alone which I can, which I desire to give you."

"At least, Chrisna, may I see you again?"

"See me again? Of what use would it be? What can we have in common?"

"Chrisna, do you believe my heart destitute of gratitude and my eyes of sight? Before having seen you, I started at your voice, and now—I love you!"

At these words the young woman proudly raised her head.

"What are you thinking of, Seigneur Count? Am I then one of your great Saxon ladies or a *red brodequin* of your Hungary, that you speak to me thus? I do not ask your gratitude, and that is the only bond of affection that could exist between you and me."

And, in an inexpressible state of trouble and impatience, she said,—

"Up! up! will you thus remain nailed to the spot, when it is high time to act, when the minutes are centuries?"

"Well, since it must be so, since you will it," replied George, rising and with the tone of a man who yields from indifference rather than by persuasion, "I will tempt God once more,—less from a desire to do so than through obedience to your orders, I declare it in all sincerity."

Then fixing anew on her his blue eye full of fire, he said,—

"O my beautiful Providence, if I were beloved, I should be bolder and more confident!"

"Will you go? Do you not then under-

stand that your life is at stake? In the name of Christ, by the memory of your mother, go!" repeated Chrisna with an almost wild air.

And after having with a rapid glance inspected the little court, she returned towards the door, with her ear still on the watch, while George at last seized the extremity of the cord.

But suddenly tumultuous voices were heard; the door opened and Pierre Zény appeared. At sight of the Slavonian, Chrisna threw herself back with a movement of despair.

"It was time!" said Zény casting a glance towards the window.

One might have expected to see him at once break forth into imprecations and furious transports; there was nothing. At his entrance, as if the spectacle before his eyes could neither surprise nor offend him, he resumed, in a voice scarcely moved,—

"It is well!"

And, turning towards those who had accompanied him,—

"Your presence is not indispensable, comrades."

The Slaves retreated a few paces, the door was closed behind them, and our three personages remained alone, face to face.

Notwithstanding his habitual violence, Zény when he imperiously willed it, recovered that singular faculty of restraint and reserve, a privilege accorded, almost without exception, to all the descendants of the Scythians.

With high head and folded arms, in an attitude of affected calmness, he summoned to his aid all the strength of his will in order to remain master of himself in the explanation which was about to follow.

It was not thus with Chrisna. Before the failure of her plan, carried by her so near completion, at the expense of so many efforts and so much patience, she disdained to restrain herself longer; her eyes became threatening; her lips uttered language of severity. One would have thought that it was Zény who was about to render an account to her. Between her and himself the rôles were exchanged.

As for George, though he was, in fact, the person most dangerously compromised, he maintained, and without needing to feign it, a calm and resigned attitude. In this consisted his heroism. Not by philosophy, nor by strength of mind, but by one of those conditions essential to his effeminate nature, he

submitted resolutely enough to the evil chances of destiny. Having ardor and enthusiasm only for pleasure, he opposed his inertia to the blows which struck him; he slept voluntarily in the midst of his disaster, of which, he thus systematically avoided measuring the extent and sounding the depth. At the present moment, if he had not trembled for his beautiful protectress; if, from time to time, his glance had not rested on her, full of commiseration, one might perhaps have thought that, sole stranger to a drama of which the terrible denouement was approaching, he was present only in the quality of a simple spectator! He was almost thankful to Zény for having arrived in time to be an obstacle to an attempt in which he, Arnstein, saw only new fatigues and new sufferings. What he feared above every thing was physical suffering, and this sceptic, who would have remained impassible before the fall of an empire, was frightened at the idea of the sting of a bee.

At the entrance of the Slavonian, thinking the affair a failure, he tranquilly allowed to fall upon the floor the extremity of the cord which he was holding; Zény raised it, and with the same coolness, at least in appearance, occupied himself with detaching it from the bar and rolling it up. After which, approaching Chrisna and at last breaking this silence full of tempests, he said to her in a low tone,—

"Thou lovest him!"

"Thou liest!" replied she in a loud and vibrating voice.

"Very well!" returned Zény, without seeming to be offended at the sharpness of the reply.

And in a still suppressed tone,—

"Nevertheless you were conspiring for him and against us; that was wrong. Have you forgotten that the blood which flows in your veins is not of the same color with that of these Sarmatians! If I may believe the words spoken by yourself yesterday in the presence of Margatt, you were already planning his deliverance, and the Queen of the Danube has not been a stranger to the events of the past night."

"Who repeated those words to you?"

"I heard them."

"You were acting as a spy upon me, then?"

"Ought not a husband to watch over his wife?"



Chrisna made a gesture of disgust.

"Besides," proceeded Zény, "your presence, this cord, the detached bar, do they not sufficiently prove that both were preparing for flight?"

"I wished to save him, but not to accompany him," said Chrisna; "I wished to spare you a crime and repair that which you have already committed against his person and that of his servants. You seized upon this stranger by a cowardly violence, by an infamous snare! He was not making war upon you!"

"Silent or declared, war is perpetual between the Slaves and those who have dispossessed them of the soil of their ancestors," replied Zény, bewildered by the attack, and thinking first of his own justification. "From the Danube to the Adriatic, the land belongs to us—God wills it! You, yourself, once seemed to comprehend this. It appears it is no longer so. Besides, what reason has the Count to complain of me? What was I thinking of at this moment? of renewing by correspondence his relations with the Seigneur Zapolsky."

And in a tone which he sought to soften, he added,—

"For the full authenticity of this correspondence, we shall doubtless need his armorial seal. It hangs at the end of that pretty gold chain, which you valued so highly, did you not, *mitidika*, because I gave it to you.

Chrisna drew aside the pelisse which covered her garments,—

"I have neither chain nor seal," said she in a brief tone.

"What have you done with them?"

"Need I reply? I feared stolen goods would only bring me misfortune!"

"What have you done with them?" repeated Zény, his eye commencing to gleam with a sinister brilliancy.

"The chain?—well I threw it into the Narenta."

"In my turn I say to thee, thou liest!"

And taking from his pocket the two fragments which Dumbrosk had given him, he said,—

"Here are the chain and seal! Spare yourself new falsehoods and leave us!"

Chrisna did not stir from the spot.

"Now," continued the Slavonian, addressing himself to his prisoner, "I will take upon

myself the charge of sealing with your arms the letter which you are to write immediately."

"Write nothing!" exclaimed the Montegnegrine impetuously, with her arms extended towards Arnstein as if to protect him still; "the letter once written, they will kill you!"

Addressing herself to Zény, she added,—

"You see that I also have understood clearly!"

The countenance of the Slavonian became purple; his wrath, restrained with difficulty, burst forth,—

"And you said you did not love him!"

"I said so—but I do love him, do you hear? Yes, my love for him equals the hatred which I have for you!"

Whirling in the air the cord which he still held, Zény struck the young woman a violent blow with it.

George uttered a cry and sprang towards the bar detached from the window; but before his trembling hand could reach it, twenty Slaves, chiefs or soldiers, had rushed into the room.

"Seize this woman!" cried Zény.

Among the bandits, a few only dared take a step towards her; before the brilliancy of her effulgent beauty, others stopped and cast down their heads, as if withheld by a sentiment of superstitious fear. But the energy of Chrisna was exhausted; her sight failed her, her limbs gave way, and Dumbrosk carried her out in his arms, half fainting.

"What has happened?" asked Paoli; "and has he consented to write the letter?"

"The letter was the subject in question!" interrupted Zény; "I have done what I could for the interest of all; but the honor of the chief concerns also the soldiers. With the people of our race, vengeance is the first of duties."

"He who spares his enemy," said Marko, "deserves that a woman should exchange clothes with him, and a child spit in his face."

"He who forgets to avenge himself is not a man," added the Slavonian, "and he who delays avenging himself is a man, but a coward!"

"Amen!" muttered Zagrab, who entered at this moment, pale as a spectre.

"Assan! Assan!"

At this summons from the master, at this name, repeated from the top of the stairway to the bottom, the Morlaque stretched out in

an obscure corner of the common hall, in the midst of a cloud of smoke, rose like a bat which is about to take flight, extended his arms and the skirts of the cloak in which he was enveloped, and in three bounds was beside Zény.

"Listen," said the latter to him, drawing him apart; "behind the hill facing *The Ruins*, on the left, in the direction of the Narenta, exists a cavity of ground, which the south wind has filled with withered leaves."

Assan scratched his forehead and assumed an uneasy air, as if the master had proposed to him an enigma to divine.

"You will choose four men, armed with their muskets, and conduct the Magyar thither."

Assan's intelligence seemed suddenly to awake.

"According to the agreement made, I am to preserve only his head, am I?"

"Yes."

"But—the rest?"

"Under the leaves."

"And his clothes?"

"Are yours."

The Morlaque made a bound, rubbed his hands, and said:—

"Before long I can wear a French frock, like the proudest citizen of Ragusa or Cattaro."

The escort soon set out with the captive, now the condemned. Instead of following the trodden paths, it turned around *The Ruins*, scaled the little hill, and, directing itself towards the Narenta, stopped at last in a valley shaded by a few trees, and concealed by tall bushes on the right and left.

Assan the Morlaque came directly to his prisoner and bandaged his eyes.

Then only did the unfortunate man comprehend the fate in reserve for him; his temples were moistened, his heart was oppressed.

"At twenty-five," murmured he; "it is too soon."

In the midst of the silence which reigned in this solitude, George Zapolsky heard the sound of dry leaves. They were digging his grave.

#### CHAPTER VII.—A DUEL BETWEEN THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

TRANSPORTED, half-dead, by Dumbrosk, when Chrisna recovered her senses, she found

herself in that vast room in the lower story, bare and gloomy, before which she was roving, uneasy, alarmed, an hour before. An hour before, her glance, stealthily cast there in order to attempt to surprise some of the mysterious projects which were being plotted, encountered only that of Zagrab, and the presence of this friend had sufficed to re-assure her. Now, around her are all those whose words and gestures she was watching; but they remain motionless, silent, with their eyes turned towards her, and amid all these glances, the only one she seeks and has not yet encountered, is that of Zagrab.

For once laying aside his rough habits, Dumbrosk took care to arrange for the young woman a species of camp-bed, in order to spare her all contact with the asperities of the ground. During her swoon, he had by turns bathed her temples with cold water and plumbrandy; his gourd was emptied, but he scarcely thought of it. The soul of the thick-headed Dalmatian, for the first time, felt itself seized with pity at sight of this woman, this poor fairy, as he called her, so cruelly flagellated by Zény; now, half bending before her, his large hands open, and with anxious air, he seemed to be awaiting her orders. But, entirely absorbed in her thoughts, the Montenegrine did not even thank him.

"Where is the Croat, then? Has he grown desperate? Gaining the mountains and the sea-shore, has he gone to rejoin his comrades at Cattaro?"

In the second story, she heard steps—calm and regular steps, like those of a sentinel.

"It is he," said she to herself, "it is Zagrab: he is watching over the prisoner."

A few moments afterwards, the same steps resounded, but noisily; they shook the frail staircase which led to the great hall where she was. She raised her eyes; it was not Zagrab, it was Pierre Zény, who, with radiant air, appeared, uttering the Slavic cry of joy and triumph:—

"*Jivio! Jivio!*"

After the departure of Assan and George, Zény had been compelled to think of his enterprise against the chateau of old Zapolsky. Doubtless the absence of Ogulin rendered this attempt imprudent, rash. Ogulin, lost in the marshes, harassed by the Bosniaques, could not perhaps rejoin them. So thought Zény, when, from the corridor which ran along *The Ruins*, he perceived at a distance

a confused mass of men, preceded by some cavaliers, among whom, by his stature, by the elegance of his form, by the color of his horse, he thought he recognized him whom he had been summoning with all the strength of his desires. He looked more attentively; it was Ogulin, his young countryman, his friend, and next to Paoli, his chief lieutenant. These men, whose number and movement a black cloud now hovering over the plain, permitted him the better to appreciate, are his own, his brave soldiers, the complement of his troop. By St. Demetrius! if necessary, he can take by force the den of the old boar.

It was then that Zény had descended into the common hall uttering his triumphal cry. Scarcely at the foot of the stairway, he saw before him Chrisna, pale, haggard, extended on a soldier's cloak; he turned his head away, and addressing his chiefs, announced to them the approaching arrival of Ogulin.

A general hurrah welcomed the great news; the sentinels stationed on the plain ran to confirm it; all the Slaves rose, repeating, *Vivio!* the names of Zény and Ogulin resounded amid the acclamations of joy. The tumult had not yet ceased when a discharge of musketry was heard in the direction of the Narenta, where the little excavation was situated.

Alarmed at this sound, some of the men seized their arms; but, re-assuring them by a gesture, Zény said, with a cruelly studied air of carelessness:—

"It is nothing, comrades, less than nothing. It is our Morlaque monkey preparing to inherit the old clothes of a Hungarian magnate."

At these words, Chrisna started and half rose.

"Yes," resumed Zény, rendered more pitiless still by the manifest emotion of the young woman; "our prisoner will escape us no more! He is dead!—quite dead!—or at least they are finishing him," added he, as he heard other shots resounding in the same direction.

"Assassin!" murmured the Montenegrine in a stifled voice.

Then suddenly rising, tremblingly and to her utmost height:—

"Slaves," exclaimed she, pointing to the Slavonian with an overwhelming gesture of scorn, "I am not the wife of that man!"

"Ogulin is on the plain," interrupted Zény; "he is awaiting a signal from us; forward!"

And he was preparing to be the first to hasten to meet the young chief, when Chrisna threw herself before him.

"You shall hear me!" repeated she, "and your men shall hear me also; they shall know you as I know you, for you have deceived them as well as myself."

"Not a word more!" said the Slavonian in a brief and dry tone, laying his hand on his pistols.

Chrisna did not see the movement, or she did not care for it.

"Slaves! you think it is for love of liberty that he has incited you all to insurrection? It is for the love of gold! He has wished to free you from the yoke of the Magyars only to make you pass beneath that of the Muscovites!"

And, resolutely facing Zény,—

"Dare to contradict me!"

The eyes of the latter assumed a frightful fixedness. He drew a pistol from his girdle and snapped the lock.

"After having lied to men, you have lied to God," pursued Chrisna; "you have perjured yourself before his altar, before the holy priest who received your oath. You were not then a hero, Pierre Zény! No; you were, and are, only a coward, an infamous wretch, a traitor!"

"Go then and rejoin him, wretch!" howled Zény, aiming the weapon at the Montenegrine.

Among the terrified Slaves, Dumbrosk alone had made a gesture and uttered a wild cry immediately repressed by a lightning glance from his master. But a man had entered who wrested the pistol from the hands of the Slavonian with an authoritative movement.

This man was old Mackewitz.

"Silence!" said the latter, disarming the Slavonian; "the sound of fire-arms may ruin us all—Do you hear the footsteps of horses?"

"By the Father and Son!" exclaimed Marko; "why should it not be Ogulin, sending forward the most active of his troop to announce his arrival?"

"It is not Ogulin," replied Paoli; "for the sound comes from the direction of the Narenta, and not from that of the plain."

A soldier, on guard beside the Rousniaque,

and who had been peeping through one of the apertures in the second story, suddenly rushed into the midst of the Slaves, exclaiming,—

"To arms! The Saxons!"

Almost at the same instant, a dozen Austrian cavaliers defiled before *The Ruins*, slowly, their ranks half broken, some sitting drowsily on their saddles, others conversing with an appearance of perfect security. Before this sudden, unexpected apparition, the Slaves remained for a moment irresolute.

"They have not seen us," said Marko in a low voice, "for we are in the shadow."

"They could not fail to have encountered Assan or Ogulin," replied Zény, who, in the presence of danger, had just recovered his courage and composure. "Though in small numbers, they will suffice to sound the alarm against us; let us prevent it by exterminating them."

Then, addressing Paoli, with his finger disdainfully pointed at Chrisna,—

"Watch over this woman, my old friend, and guard *The Ruins* with half our men."

He then designated those who were to follow him, and gave the signal.

They ran to the stables; Zény was the first to spring forward to inspect the movements of the enemy, and, when he turned, a single man only was beside him; it was Zagrab. The others soon rejoined him. All together, the cavaliers at a gallop, the footmen running hastened into the excavated road, the only practicable path open in this direction. Descending with loosened bridle on the traces of the small squadron, they soon perceived it at a little distance in front, still pursuing its route with the same apparent tranquillity. But, at the moment the Slaves emerged upon the plain, a fusilade fired from a thicket, threw disorder among them and forced them to turn to the right.

Zény had just fallen into an ambushade. He attempted to retreat towards *The Ruins*; a platoon of Dalmatian infantry had closed the excavated way. Meanwhile can he abandon thus the rest of his troop? Thinking of Paoli, perhaps of Clfrisna, he was about to order a desperate charge, when, uttering a hoarse exclamation, he stopped as if petrified.

Behind the Dalmatian foot-soldiers, at the

spot where the excavated road ended, two men were mounted on tall Transylvanian coursers and towered in height by almost their whole bodies, above the heads of the soldiers defiling before them. One was the commanding officer of the detachment; the other, who did not wear the military coat, young and handsome, even under his dilapidated costume, even with his long locks disordered, was the prisoner of the Slaves, George Arnstein—Arnstein whom death had threatened more than once without attaining him, and whom the Austrian soldiers, encountered first by the Croat and guided by him, had just delivered in time.

The shots heard in the direction of the Narenta, had been fatal only to Assan the Morlaque and his four bandits.

It was at sight of this countenance, pale with recent emotion and smiling upon him ironically at again finding before him this object of his hatred, whom he had thought already lying beneath the leaves, and who saluted him with a gesture of defiance, that Pierre Zény uttered that cry of anguish and distress.

Recovering himself he seized his carbine, adjusted it and aimed it at the Magyar. The latter saw the movement, divined the intention, and drawing from his saddle-bow a long pistol, shielded his face with it, without attempting otherwise to avoid the shot, as if it were only a simple affair of honor, and precedence were the right of Zény.

Turned by a sudden bound of his horse, the ball of the Slavonian passed ten feet above the head of his young adversary, who, as if to put an end to this singular duel, courteously fired in the air with the greatest coolness in the world.

Zény had lost consciousness of his position; the word of command froze on his lips; his ideas became disordered. Struck with dizziness, he turned his bridle, and the imperial soldiers saluted his retreat by a general discharge.

The prisoner was free; but Zagrab had seen Chrisna flagellated by Zény; the necessity of vengeance had revived in his heart more ardent than ever. He had as yet accomplished but half his task.



From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries: being the Substance of two Papers read before the Philological Society.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: 1857.
2. *Proposal for the Publication of a new English Dictionary by the Philological Society.* London: 1859.

To a man who reflects upon the common operations of human life, which are some of the most wonderful phenomena of our existence, nothing is more astonishing than the origin, the structure, the history, and the effect of Words. Those lifeless signs, which carry to the ear or to the eye the infinite varieties of thought, seem to have acquired a vitality of their own. A mechanism so complicated that it adapts itself to every conceivable motion of the mind, and conveys the same impression to the minds of others—a mechanism so various that every nation and almost every province of the globe employs it in a different manner, seems, nevertheless, to acknowledge no author and to have grown up like the productions of nature. The powers of the human intellect have in fact given birth to the signs and forms of expression they require to convey and perpetuate their meanings. The subtle inflections of grammar which frame the organization of words, the combinations of syntax which array them in language, the indescribable nicety of use which discriminates every shade of intention, all pass in the habitual and almost unconscious exercise of the faculty of speech, though they embrace a science of extreme depth and completeness. The rude tongue of a savage awakens the curiosity and sometimes instructs the mind of a philosopher; but as we rise in the scale of nations and of beings, from the uncouth sounds which express the desires of a Patagonian to the lofty periods of cultivated oratory, the power of words expands, until it attains regions above the present range of our capacity. It designates, as *Novalis* has finely said, God with three letters and the infinite with as many syllables—though the ideas conveyed by these words are immeasurably beyond the utmost grasp of man. In every relation of life, at every moment of our active being, in every thing we think or do, it is on the meaning and inflection of a Word that the directions of our thoughts and the expression of our will turns. The sound-

ness of our judgments, the clearness of our faith and of our reason, the influence we exert over others, depend mainly on a true knowledge of the value of words. Education begins with it; the experience of life promotes it; but no life is long enough to complete it; and there is not a day of life on which he who carefully observes the processes of language may not add something to his store. Hence all that concerns the culture of language is of infinite importance. The care bestowed on it is bestowed on the most perfect instrument of the mind, without which all other gifts are valueless; and though grammars and dictionaries are not to be classed amongst the most attractive collections of knowledge, they do in fact comprise every thing else from the inspired diction of religion or poetry to the records of history and the phraseology of daily life.

Take for example that profession which may be said to sustain the fabric of society by the exposition of the Law. In the ordinary relations of society and in the pages of literature, words represent impressions and ideas, but in legal instruments they are *things*; they dispose of property, liberty, and life; they convey and determine the paramount will of the legislature; and they become the masters of our social being. Accordingly the main duty of those who are concerned in the administration of justice between man and man is the precise definition and correct application of terms; sometimes indeed in the more contracted and technical sense which the Courts have assigned to them, but often on the broader principles of philology or vernacular use. The Court of Chancery more especially, or any other court of construction, is perpetually engaged in the arduous and irksome task of finding syntax and signification in documents not unfrequently devoid of either; and, to say the truth, the statutes at large are not altogether excluded from this unintelligible category. Then it is that the lexicographer exercises, through his work, one of his highest functions; it is his authority which traces the path Justice herself must tread, and by the barrier of a word arrests the arm of the law. How often in moments of legal perplexity have we seen judges of the most scholarlike attainments and the most subtle faculties, anxious to assist the memory and the judgment by a reference to Johnson, Todd, Forcellini,

or even the great dictionaries of the continental languages! How much ingenious argument may hang on a shade of meaning, to be determined objectively, without reference to the fancied intentions of the legislator or the writer! And how valueless would a dictionary of the English language be which should fail to decide these questions with some degree of authority, based on sound philological principles and the usage of the best authors! The greatest controversies, the hardest problems, the keenest negotiations the most momentous decisions turn at last upon the meaning of a Word; and not frequently a clear knowledge of language would resolve or avoid difficulties which the passions of men inflame with all the violence of strife. For if language is the mechanism by which our social relations are governed and maintained, that science and that authority which governs and maintains language itself has a paramount influence over thought and action in the world. Yet, it must be confessed, an accurate knowledge and use of the language we ourselves employ is not a common acquirement; and the books of reference to which we have recourse to determine a doubtful point in the history or value of a word are by no means perfect or infallible. No living tongue can boast of a complete dictionary, and the most cursory observation will satisfy any man versed in English literature of the numerous imperfections of all the dictionaries we possess. Languages no longer spoken have this advantage, that their literature is determined and their structure finished; but every language in actual use among men is subject to such mutations of fashion, and to so many causes insensibly affecting it, that the enumeration of its words is a task continually to be renewed. A dictionary a century old is necessarily a work out of date, not only from the changes of the language as actually undergone in that interval, but from the increasing means of criticism applied to its origin, its cognate branches, and its history.

In the little essay which is now before us, the deficiencies of the present dictionaries of our language are pointed out *seriatim*, and discussed by one to whom English philology is more deeply indebted than to any other critic of the age, and from whom all such observations must come with peculiar force. Dr. Trench has accomplished the arduous work of rendering a dry subject popular by

his various publications, and Englishmen in general are under no small obligation to him for making them better aware of the wealth of their language. He has done this both by teaching and by example. Although, like the late Professor Blunt of Cambridge, fully master of all the copiousness and elegance of the languages of classical antiquity, he nevertheless delights, as the Professor did, in the homely vigor of our own Saxon. In his examination of the defects of our present dictionaries he has doubtless from the first had an eye to the construction of a new one. If not solely, yet in great measure by his exertions considerable preparation has already been made for a new dictionary, by a division of labor upon a scale corresponding in grandeur to the importance of such a work. A list of books has been drawn up, in which the age, authority, and meaning of words may be traced, and these books are entrusted, one by one, to volunteer philologists, competent to extract the marrow from them. The results are to be handed over to the Philological Society, who have abandoned their original idea of producing a mere supplement to the old dictionaries, and now issue the prospectus of an entirely new dictionary, which promises, if it be but carried out with energy and harmony, to give us such a dictionary as the world has never yet seen. It is said truly that England does not possess a dictionary worthy of her language; but so long as the whole labor, as well of collecting the materials as of constructing the work, is confined to the isolated efforts of a single mind, it is in vain to look for such a dictionary. Those of the French Academy and the Academy della Crusca are the product of the continuous labor of generations. The Philological Society, then, are quite right in calling upon Englishmen to come forward and write their own dictionary for themselves, by bringing the scattered learning and energy which so plentifully exists among us,—if it can only be reached and addressed effectually—to bear upon a common national object.

But whilst we do full justice to the laudable spirit which has set on foot this undertaking, and to the high qualifications of those who have engaged in it, we are not satisfied that we entirely agree with Dr. Trench and the members of the Philological Society as to what a dictionary of the English language really ought to be; and we propose to de-

vote some pages on the present occasion to the consideration of this question.

A dictionary ought, in our judgment, to give as far as possible, in a brief compass, the history of a word,—its derivation, its definition, its introduction into the language, its primal meaning, its secondary meaning, its technical or idiomatic meanings, illustrated by examples taken from writers of different periods of English literature. Without this analysis, a dictionary sinks into a mere vocabulary, and we can discover little of importance or interest in a collection of strange or obsolete terms which cannot honestly be said to belong to the English language, any more than the cant terms of this or that sect, or the slang of the streets. We have no desire to see a greater laxity prevail in this matter, but the reverse. The current always runs fast enough, or too fast, in the direction of vulgar, corrupt, or pedantic forms of expression. Word-coiners are as pestilent a race as any other forgers, who cannot carry on their transactions in the lawful coin of the realm; and having nothing new or original to say in old words, they attempt to dress up their platitudes and plagiarisms in new ones. For the language is common property; it has come down to us from our forefathers sufficient for all our wants, except, perhaps, those of scientific discovery and nomenclature; and one of the most laudable objects an educated man can pursue is to defend it from contamination. Holding this opinion, we have considerable difficulty in acceding to the doctrine of Dr. Trench and the Philological Society, that "the first requirement of every lexicon is, that it should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate." (*Prospectus*, p. 3.) What is this but to throw down all barriers and rules, and to declare that every form of expression which may have been devised by the humor, the ignorance, or the affectation of any writer, is at once to take rank in the national vocabulary? To effect this object, a list of the most obscure and obsolete authors is published, who are to be ransacked for words, many of which are probably found nowhere else in the whole range of English literature. Many of them are quoted with approving interest by Dr. Trench in his essay, having been used perhaps once by Henry More or Fuller. We really do not know on what grounds Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais is omitted from this list, inas-

much as the worthy knight may fairly claim to be ranked with the boldest neologists in the language. Coleridge says in a juvenile letter to Sir Humphry Davy, recently published, "I was a well-meaning sutor, who had ultra-crepidated with more zeal than wisdom," and boasts that this felicitous expression had just flashed on his mind. Strange expressions and far-fetched derivations are constantly flashing on the minds of some writers; and for their own purposes authors who have got the good will of their readers may practise whatever tricks and distortions they please; but we demur to the conclusion that every one of these fancies ought to be registered forever in the pages of a dictionary. No one would hesitate to place Isaac Barrow\* among the greatest masters of the English tongue; but when Tillotson published Barrow's immortal sermons, he substituted "divert" for "avoce," "flattering" for "adulatorous," "gain" for "acquist," "such-like" for "semblable," "invent" for "extund," etc., and although it may be curious to trace the tentative use of these uncouth expressions, not even the example of Barrow can be said to have engrafted them on the English language. A bill must not be only drawn, but accepted. The real test of the value and signification of a word lies in the sense it conveys to every man who is acquainted with the language; but far beyond the legitimate confines of the English tongue lies a dim region of barbarous and imperfect terms, uttered and employed perhaps at certain periods or by a certain person, but which no more belong to our language than obsolete and repealed laws belong to the statute book. In the earlier ages of our literature, when the resources of the language were less known, and its character less accurately defined, writers dealt with the meaning of words almost as freely as they did with their orthography, and if the correct term did not occur to their minds, they supplied its place by analogy and invention. The best period of a language is to be found neither in the archaisms of its infancy nor in the loose abundance of its old age; but

\* In the new edition of the theological works of Barrow, edited for the Syndics of the University Press at Cambridge, by the Rev. Alexander Napier, the readings of the original manuscripts of the author have been carefully restored, whenever they could be found and deciphered. This circumstance gives an additional philological value to an edition of this great English classic which does the highest honor to the University and to Mr. Napier in many other respects.

when the instrument has reached a point at which it has acquired all it wants for accurate and perspicuous diction without redundancy or excess; and when we speak of that purity of language which is precious to every man of real cultivation and refinement, we mean a language undebased by uncouth innovations, or by unauthorized uses.

For historical purposes, such a collection of words as the Philological Society proposes to furnish us with will, of course, have a certain degree of interest, and so comprehensive a vocabulary of terms would become a species of concordance to English literature. But there is obviously a very wide distinction between the ancient modes of diction, which have less certainty of expression in them, and those living words which belong to the structure, and comprise the whole power, of the language itself. When these vast materials are gathered in, the true function of the lexicographer will begin, for somewhere or other a line must be drawn between what is curious and what is corrupt, between the vernacular and the provincial and between the significations which use has given to language. Whilst, therefore, we applaud the spirit of the undertaking, we fear it will remain incomplete, or of secondary utility, unless the vocabulary of the English writers be digested into a dictionary of the English language in its true and proper sense.

Among the curiosities of literature some of our readers may possess the *Edinburgh Review* of 1755, a critical journal founded in this city, which anticipated by half a century the commencement of our own series of volumes. In this review Adam Smith wrote the first critique on Johnson's Dictionary; and though we cannot concur in the opinion of the great economist that a dictionary ought to define words in the form of a grammatical essay, we are struck with the following remark applied to Johnson, which is singularly at variance with Dr. Trench's notion on the same subject. "Most words," says Adam Smith, "are, we believe, to be found in the dictionary that ever were almost suspected to be English; but we cannot help wishing that the author had trusted less to the judgment of those who may consult him, and had oftener passed his own censure upon those words which are not of approved use, though sometimes to be met with in authors of no mean name."

One of the first branches of this most impor-

tant study, and that in which most progress has been made since the days of Johnson, is unquestionably the origin of the language, and the Northern or Indo-Germanic roots to which a large portion of it may be traced. A vast number of the words in daily use flowed into Britain from the forests of Northern Germany and the shores of the North Sea. The language of the Teutonic conquerors of this island belonged to the family called Indo-European. This Teutonic conquest seems to have been effected primarily by two great branches of the Saxon race, now took possession of the chief part of the island, driving the native Celts and their language before them: the two branches being the Frisians, who went westward, and the Angles, whose district lay to the east. A composite language was formed in Britain, having for its basis the dialects of these two tribes, and thence called Anglo-Saxon. This language forms the staple of our modern English. Out of the thirty-five thousand words which constitute our present stock, five-eighths are Anglo-Saxon. This language grew, and was strengthened in its growth, at a period when the classical language of Rome was melting away. A small number of words and names of Scandinavian extraction were added by Danish settlers, and a greater number of Norman French words, derived in a great measure from the Latin, were added by Norman invaders. This composite language took its place among the languages of Europe. After the Norman invasion, the language lost its inflexions and terminations, together with much of that plastic character which, in common with the Teutonic dialects, it possessed previously, and which the German language possesses at this time. It retained, however, a vast number of those energetic and practical words which are in daily use. The names of the elements and their changes, of the seasons,—the heavenly bodies,—the divisions of time,—the features of natural scenery,—the organs of the body,—the modes of bodily action and posture,—the commonest animals,—the words used in earliest childhood,—the ordinary terms of traffic,—the constituent words in proverbs,—the designations of kindred,—the simpler emotions of the mind,—terms of pleasantries, satire, contempt, indignation, invective, and anger,—are for the most part Anglo-Saxon. In a series of passages taken at random from the writings of Shakspeare, Swift, Gibbon,



Johnson, and our translation of the Bible, we find that out of an average of eighty-seven words, the number of Saxon words stands thus:—the Bible, eighty-four; Swift, seventy-eight; Shakspeare, seventy-three; Johnson, sixty-six; and Gibbon, fifty-four.

Several philologists have employed themselves of late very profitably in collecting the archaic words which still linger in our provinces, and arranging them in classes according to their derivation, whether Celtic, Scandinavian, or Anglo-Saxon; throwing additional light thereby upon certain interesting points in our early history. From the number of Celtic words still existing in Lancashire, we may infer that a considerable population of that race must have remained in the county after it fell under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxons: and from the kind of words that the Celts left behind them it is clear that they were not barbarians, but moderately well skilled in the arts of life. Mr. Davies, to whom we are indebted for these investigations,\* thinks that he can discover an amount of Celtic blood in the veins of the good people of Lancashire correspondent to the Celtic element in their language; arguing, from certain points in their character and temperament, that to the stubborn perseverance and self-reliance of the Teutonic stock certain other qualities have been added, which must have come from a more excitable and mercurial race.†

The Englishman is rather apt to pride himself upon a sort of eclecticism in his character; he boasts that in his physical constitution of mind and body, in the form of government under which he lives, and also in the language which he speaks, he has selected and secured the good elements and rejected the bad ones. It was said of our language by old Camden, that in the composition of it we have "gathered the honey and left the dregs." He added that our language possesses as much

grandeur as the Spanish, as much sweetness as the Italian, as much delicacy as the French, and as much energy as the German, without certain defects and blemishes which exist in those languages as concomitants with their respective excellences. "They may talk as they will of the dead languages. Our auxiliary verbs give us a power which the ancients, with all their varieties of mood and inflection of tense, never could attain." To the same effect with this remark of Southey is the more studied dictum of Humboldt, that "the practical convenience of expressing the sense supersedes the fanciful pleasure originally felt in combining elementary sounds with their full-toned syllables, each pregnant with meaning." The English use of the auxiliaries "shall" and "will" for the expression of the future tense has given us a precision which cannot otherwise be attained without much difficulty; we have worked it out to a degree of nicety in itself remarkable, and extremely puzzling to foreigners. Even among those to whom the English tongue is vernacular both within these islands and across the Atlantic, there are some to whom the strict idiom seems altogether beyond the power of attainment. An interesting little volume on this subject has been written by Sir Edmund Head, which well repays the trouble of a perusal. Sir Edmund examines closely the future auxiliaries in other languages; and after explaining the rules of our own idiom, he shows that the principle upon which those rules are founded is no novelty, by tracing it upwards to the time of Chaucer.\*

It cannot be denied that our language possesses an unparalleled richness and copiousness of diction; a choice of terms expressive of every shade of difference in the idea, in comparison with which the vocabulary of several other modern languages is poverty itself. Many words which were originally synonymous, being simply the terms by which the Anglo-Saxon and the Roman designated the same thing, in process of time acquired a separate and distinct meaning from conventional usage, and thereby the language was enriched instead of being encumbered. The "florid" complexion of the Latin derivative differed in no respect originally from the "blooming" complexion of the vernacular

\* Transactions of the Philological Society, No. xiii. p. 243.

† It is always satisfactory to find that the study of philology is encouraged in our seats of learning, and we have more than once taken an opportunity of expressing that satisfaction. The Philological Society of Cambridge is now merged in that of London, among whose treasures the Cambridge "exuviae" have been deposited with due solemnity. A noble library, collected expressly for the study of comparative philology, is deposited in King's College, London, having been presented in 1855 by the late William Marsden, a philologist who, among English scholars at least, was considerably in advance of his age.

\* Shall and Will: or Two Chapters on Future Auxiliary Verbs. By Sir Edmund W. Head, Bart. 1856.

Saxon: but now there is a difference. The "blooming" complexion carries your thoughts to the young damsel who trips over the heather of her own breezy mountains; while the "florid" belongs to him who sits till midnight over his cups. And in like manner the Roman may have used his word "*aptus*" in the same sense in which the Saxon used his correspondent word "*fit*." But here, again, modern usage has introduced a refinement. In these days it would be said of an evil companion that he is "*apt*" to teach certain things which it is not "*fit*" to learn. Shakespeare speaks of "hands *apt*" and "drugs *fit*" for the work of poisoning. There is a delicate shade of meaning—an active and a passive sense—in the two words which were once synonymous. In the bewilderment occasioned by excessive variety some people have complained that three or four ways of saying a thing rush into the head at once; but it is only needful carefully to exercise the taste and judgment in selecting the best, and by degrees such facility in composition will be the result that the best will generally be the first to offer itself. An exact appreciation of the meaning of words tends more than any thing to heighten our enjoyment of those writers who use words with accuracy, and it is astonishing how often the meaning may escape altogether for want of this power of discrimination. Thus for example in the well-known lines of the "*Allegro*" where Milton says, amongst the cheerful sights of rural morn,

"And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the vale"—

the word "*tale*" does not mean that he is romancing to the milkmaid, but that he is *counting his sheep* as they pass the hawthorn—a natural and familiar occupation of shepherds on a summer's morning. The primary meaning of the word "*tale*" is in fact to count or number, in German "*zahlen*," though both in the English *tale* and the French *conte*, the secondary meaning has got the upper hand of the first.

The time seems fast approaching when the English language will exercise over the other languages of the world a predominance which our forefathers little dreamt of. When Lord Bacon aimed at futurity in his writings, he set himself to write in Latin: "I do conceive," he says, "that the Latin volumes, be-

ing the universal language, may last as long as books last." Milton,—"*being content with these islands as my world*,"—confined himself in his great works to the language of these islands: he "*cared not to be once named abroad*," though perhaps he "*might have attained to that*," had he desired it. So little was English literature known in France two hundred years ago, that in certain directions given for the arrangement of a library all English books are passed over with the curt observation,—"*vix mare transmittunt*." According to Waller, it was a crowning achievement of Cromwell's vast mind, that our language is spoken even "*under the tropic*." The language of Britain crossed the sea long before its literature, for in Swift's time the literature is spoken of as being still confined "*to these two islands*." Dr. Johnson about a century ago, when applying to Britain a passage in the "*Somnium Scipionis*" of Cicero,—"*omnis enim terra quæ colitur vobis, angusta verticibus, lateribus latior, parva quedam insula est*,"—proceeded to apply to our island the continuation of the same passage, forbidding us to hope that its renown will ever pass the stream of Ganges or the cliffs of Caucasus.

But one of our Elizabethan poets, the gentle Daniel, who has been spoken of as the Atticus of his age, surmised that better things were in store for us. After lamenting that the speech of our "*scarce-discovered isle*" is so little known to the rest of the world, he expresses a wish as follows:—

"Oh that the ocean did not bound our style  
Within these strict and narrow limits so;  
But that the melody of our sweet isle  
Might now be heard to Tiber, Arno, and Po;  
That they might know how far Thames does  
outgo  
The music of declined Italy!"

Despairing of its gaining ground in Italy, he foresees its triumph in America:—

"Who knows whither we may vent  
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange  
shores  
This gain of our best glory may be sent,  
'T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?  
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident  
May come refined with accents that are ours?"

The poet's aspirations are now fulfilled. Soon after he wrote this passage, the English language was planted on a narrow slip of land on the Western continent; it grew apace, and its prospects are now the most splendid that the world has ever seen. The entire

number of persons who speak certain of the languages of Northern Europe,—languages of considerable literary repute,—is not equal to the number simply added every year, by the increase of population, to those who speak the English language in England and America alone. There are persons now living who will in all probability see it the vernacular language of one hundred and fifty millions of the earth's civilized population. Although French is spoken by a considerable proportion of the population in Canada, and although in the United States there is a large and tolerably compact body of German-speaking Germans, these languages must gradually melt away, as the Welsh and the Gaelic have melted away before the English in our own island. The time will speedily be here when a gigantic community in America,—besides rising and important colonies in Africa and Australia,—will speak the same language, and that the language of a nation holding a high position among the empires of Europe. When this time shall have arrived, the other languages of Europe will be reduced to the same relative position with regard to the predominant language, as that in which the Basque stands to the Spanish, or the Finnish to the Russian. For such predominance the English language possesses admirable qualifications; standing, as it does, midway between the Germanic and Scandinavian branches of the ancient Teutonic, and also uniting the Teutonic with the Romanic in a manner to which no other language has any pretension. A prize was given in 1796 by the Academy at Berlin for an essay on the comparison of fourteen ancient and modern languages of Europe, and in that essay the author, Jenisch, assigns the palm of general excellence to the English; it has also been allowed by other German critics that in regard to the qualifications which it possesses for becoming a general interpreter of the literature of Europe, not even their own language can compete with it.

But whilst we trace, with natural and harmless exultation, the part which the English tongue is manifestly called upon to fill in the social and individual life of man throughout the American and Australian continents, and on the coasts of Asia,—whilst we believe that the nations born to this inheritance of our language will take with it many of the noblest productions of the human intellect,—it is impossible to overlook the fact, that in the ex-

tremity of this wide empire the purity and precision of the language itself are likely to be corrupted and lost. Already, in the United States, in Australia, and in the Western colonies, the vernacular tongue of the people differs widely from the standard of the mother country; and the current literature of the day, being chiefly in the form of newspapers, tends rather to debase than to raise the style of diction. The more important is it, that here, in the seat and cradle of our race, under the tutelary sanction of our public schools and universities, with a highly educated class of men engaged in the liberal professions and in public life, and in the very centre of the literary activity of the nation, we should endeavor, as far as possible, to fix and determine the correct meaning and value of those words which are destined to pass current throughout the world, and to express the manifold inflections and varieties of thought, feeling, and perception in so many myriads of men. The greater the extension of the language, the more important does it become to throw around it all the lustre of literary authority, and to preserve it as far as possible from the innovations which tend to vulgarize and degrade it. We think these attempts have not been vain, and that the English of our best writers at the present day is purer and more idiomatic than the English of fifty years ago. That improvement, if it exists, is mainly due to the increased study of the great masters of the language in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in preference to the less masculine and idiomatic writers of the eighteenth. It is also due in some degree to the increased familiarity of Englishmen of letters with the cognate tongues of Germany and Northern Europe. But no attempt has yet been made thoroughly to combine these two elements of early English literature and Teutonic criticism in a national dictionary.

It has already been observed that words are the representatives of something absent, a thing or a thought, just as a coin is the representative of wealth; and that as such words are universally current. A stamp is impressed upon pieces of metal, and the man who possesses a sufficient number of such pieces of metal is as rich as he who possesses sheep and oxen, man-servants and woman-servants, houses and land. That stamp is affixed by the king, or by the supreme power of the State. But who affixes the stamp upon

a word? No prince or potentate was ever strong enough to make or to unmake a single word. It is said that Cæsar, in the plenitude of his power, acknowledged that it was beyond that power to do it. Cicero attempted to make words, and his trial-pieces were very neat in their way, struck of good metal and according to rule, and well calculated to supply an acknowledged and a real want; yet they did not pass into circulation; his friends and admirers took them from him at first, but after awhile they were thrown back upon his hands, and there they remained. Language is made by the multitude, nobody knows when, or where, or how. It is "nullius filius." The multitude,—sometimes the multitude of practical and working men, and sometimes the multitude of writing and thinking men, but more frequently the former,—supply the metal and the die, and strike off the coin. Ingenious word builders may expend much learning in proving to our British "Demus" that his favorite "Telegram" is a questionable sort of person, both in regard to character and extraction, and that one "Telegrapheme," on the contrary, is the offspring of creditable Greek parents, born in honest wedlock;—yet Demus chooses to adopt the outcast. We hope that having carried his point against the Hellenists by the adoption of the word "telegram," he will be no less resolute in his opposition to another party, who are striving to debase the language by introducing the verb "to wire," instead of the word hitherto used "to telegraph."

A man's language is a part of his character, and this, not only in regard to the usage of certain shibboleths of a party, whether in religion or politics, but also in regard to a general vocabulary. There is a school vocabulary and a college vocabulary; certain phrases brought home to astound and perplex the uninitiated, and passing now and then into general currency. In this age of examinations,—army, navy, civil service, and middle class,—the verb "to pluck" is well high incorporated with the vernacular, and must take its place in dictionaries. The sportsman Nimrod has his esoteric vocabulary, and so has likewise the angler Walton. The man of the world has his own set of phrases, understood and recognized by the fraternity: and so has the gourmand: and so also has the fancier of wines, who, in opposition to one of the laws of nature, speaks to

you of wine, a fluid, as being "dry." The connoisseur in painting tells you also of "dryness" in a picture, and he uses other terms which seem as if they had been invented to puzzle the uninitiated. Your favorite landscape may have "tones" in it, as well as your violin. With shoulders that are "broad," and with cloth that is "broad" covering those broad shoulders, you stand and observe that a painting is "broad." You sit at dinner with a "delicious bit" of venison before you on the table, and looking up you see a "delicious bit" of Watteau or Wouvermans before you on the wall. The swell mob have a copious vocabulary, but as it is contrived solely with a view to escape detection, there is as little traceable connection as possible between the word and the thing signified.

There is a sort of vocabulary, also, adopted by persons, otherwise respectable enough, in the daily conversation. With such a person every thing that pleases is "charming," "delightful," or "nice;" every thing handsome is "splendid;" every thing that they do not like is "dreadful" and "terrible," "fearful" and "horrible;" and when they agree with you they agree "decidedly." Such is their enthusiasm that they cannot talk about the most ordinary subject in any but the most exaggerated and enraptured terms. And others, who have no great share of enthusiasm, but withal a very limited vocabulary, being of that class of persons who are said never to master more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty words, fall into the habit of using the same exaggerated terms through sheer poverty of expression. Yet the truth is, hardly one of these conventional ejaculations is used with any regard to its true meaning.

It has been calculated that our language contains thirty-five thousand words, and out of these thirty-five thousand words it is surprising to find how small is the number which are ordinarily put to actual use. A child, from the time when he begins to articulate, picks up words and uses them by an imitative process, which waxes less active as he becomes an adult. The number acquired in childhood is said to be about one hundred. If he does not belong to the educated classes of society, he will at no period acquire more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty. Upon a stock of twice that amount he may mix with learned men, and even write a book. Then how vast is the number of words that lie hid



in the "kamus," or "ocean"—according to the Arabic title—of dictionaries. Words that even the educated speaker or writer administers only in homœopathic doses; words once in repute but now forgotten; words invented for the use of science; words confined in their usage to certain districts and dialects. In dealing with their own language, the French Académie assumed the exercise of a critical and discretionary power, admitting such words only as were deemed to be agreeable to the genius of the language and to good taste. No such power has ever been assumed in English literature; and, as we have seen, Dr. Adam Smith complained that Johnson did not assume it enough. The truth is, that no such power exists within the grasp of any man or set of men. The only authority which can, as it were, legalize and determine the use and meaning of a word is the consent of good authors; and to elicit from their writings the true character a word is entitled to bear is the peculiar duty of the lexicographer. We think that, in the discharge of this duty, he ought to be governed by rules and literary judgment sufficiently strict to avoid encumbering his work with barbarous neologisms; and on this point we differ from Dr. Trench.

Ought an English dictionary, for example, to admit any words that are *not* English? Dr. Trench would answer in the affirmative. In the seventeenth century an attempt was made to Latinize the language, and the result was an influx of such words as "subsanuation," "ludibundness," and "septemfluous," many of which were used only by one author, and by that one author perhaps in only one passage. Words occur even in the writings of Bacon and Milton, which we must interpret rather by classical associations than by genuine English use. When Milton, at the very beginning of the "Paradise Lost," speaks of

"the secret top

Of Oreb or of Sinai;"

the meaning of the word "secret" is to be sought, not in the well-known English adjective, but in the Latin participle used by Virgil, "secretosque pios." The obvious absurdity of taking the word as our ordinary adjective, induced Bently to adopt the extreme measure of altering it to "sacred." This affectation of Latinism gave birth to a multitude of extremely awkward words, which the better taste of the nation would not allow to take root. Yet Dr. Trench would admit them into the

English dictionary. If the author is admitted, he is allowed to bring with him the whole of his offspring. Words that would more appropriately find a place in some philological "hortus siccus," as a specimen of exotics that could not be prevailed upon to grow in our soil and climate, are to be introduced into a catalogue of veritable English words. They are to be admitted, not for the enlightenment of those chance readers who may, once in a century perhaps, light upon the word in the writings of Henry More, or some other quaint divine of the period, but for the benefit of any philological inquirer who studies that phase in our language which produced them. We think that they might find their place more appropriately in a history of the language than in a dictionary.

Another class of un-English words are those which have been added of late years, in vast numbers, to the nomenclature of science, and by an indiscriminate admission of which our modern dictionaries are increased enormously in bulk. There is scarcely a page in Johnson which does not contain some word that has no business there; and yet Todd not only admits all these words, but adds to them; while Webster brings them in by hundreds and thousands at a time; each doing his best to crowd and deform his pages with them, and all the while triumphantly calling upon the world to observe how vast an advantage he has gained over his predecessors. We do not advocate an absolute exclusion of scientific terms. There are certain scientific words which have passed out of their peculiar province into more or less general use; words that are sanctioned by something more than merely professional usage; words that a writer or a speaker on ordinary topics may use without the imputation of pedantry. These we would admit, with clear yet concise definitions. But we would refer all persons who desire information in detail upon these terms, and all, indeed, who are uninformed as to the terms and phraseology of science in general, to their hand-book of science, or their encyclopædia. We can well spare Johnson's thirteen closely printed lines on an opal, his nineteen on a rose, twenty-one on the almug-tree, as many on the air-pump, the same number on the natural history of the armadillo, and rather more than sixty on the pear. Under the word "cedar," besides the length of detail, there is positive error, arising from a

confusion between the cedar of Lebanon, the wood of which is white and inodorous, and the red or scented cedar, mentioned by Virgil as the "odorata cedrus," and by Horace, in the passage,

"Linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso."

Dr. Trench complains that in our present dictionaries the exclusion or admission of obsolete words is carried out upon arbitrary principles. He would have them all admitted, without exception. When an author is accredited by the insertion of his name in a certain list, every word that may be found in the writings of that author is to have a place found for it in the dictionary of the English language.

We come next to the case of provincial words. Provincial words, as such, are not to have a place. If a provincial word can bring with it a certificate of its former standing, that is, if it can exhibit itself in print, and show thereby that it was once current through the land, it is to be admitted, but not otherwise. In the case of a merely popular dictionary, we think that there is scarcely need to introduce provincial words at all. Most people are already acquainted with the provincialisms of their own locality, and an acquaintance with those of other localities is not required. But, if we are to have a complete inventory of the English language, we would not only admit provincial words in part, but *in toto*. Whether they bring with them Dr. Trench's voucher for respectability or not, we would admit them. We cannot quite agree with the axiom that paper and print have the power of converting a local word into an universal one; and, for the history of the language, provincial words are the very roots and sources of its distinctive characteristics. If in the lists of provincial words we find some of unquestionably Danish or Teutonic origin, we have a right to presume that they have been once in more general use than they now are, and on that presumption we would open the door and allow them entrance. A word may have been uninterrupted use down from the time of King Alfred, and yet, unless that word has been introduced into some literary composition, and unless that composition is now extant, and unless, moreover, its author is one of the accredited authors, the word is excluded. Such would be the case with the Danish word "spalt," that is "brittle," which is still current, to our knowledge, in some dis-

tricts of the land, though we cannot find it used in any literary composition. In spite of the authority of usage by Bishop Hacket and Henry More and even Fuller, we think the word "spalt" quite as worthy of admission into a dictionary of the language as "dozzled," or "hopped," or "spong,"—provincial words admitted by Dr. Trench.

The second complaint brought against our dictionaries is that families or groups of words are often incomplete; some members being inserted, while others are left out. Dr. Trench gives a vast number of instances. Thus, we have "fellow-feeling," but not to "fellow-feel;"—we have "dwarf," but not "dwarfing," "tin," but not "tinnen." Among these instances there is one in which we think that Dr. Trench's affiliation is at fault: we do not think that Fuller's word "fitchy," which he applies to certain silver sockets so constructed as to be fixed in the earth, has any connection with a "fitch" or "vetch:" we believe that it is a term borrowed from the nomenclature of heraldry. We should question also the legitimacy of the word "extirper;" as also that of "captainess," and other similar words which are not derived from the Latin. Among the instances of words which appear in our dictionaries as subsisting only in one part or modification of speech, when, in reality they are in more, may we not include the verb "to walk," which is usually given in only a neuter sense, whereas we find it legitimately active in the phrase "to walk a horse?" On the whole, while we agree with Dr. Trench most fully in his proposition to admit all derivatives which are actually existent, we think that they have all been already admitted by him on the inventory principle, and that the family claim is superfluous.

Dr. Trench's next complaint is that our present dictionaries do not mark with sufficient accuracy the first rise of words, and, when they have disappeared, their final extinction. He would register the moment of a word's first appearance, and, if it be gone, the precise time of its vanishing. As we saw it in the cradle, so must we follow it to the grave. The only lexicographer who has aimed at this is Richardson, and he certainly has not done all that might have been done. According to Richardson we had no "scoundrels" amongst us until the eighteenth century, when they were introduced by Swift; whereas it is shown

by Dr. Trench that the word "scoundrel" occurred a full century before that. We may add, also, that Richardson gives no earlier usage of the word "coffined" than from the reign of James the First, forgetting that noble passage in Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*,—

"Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come  
coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph?"

Again, the latest usage of the word "makebate" as given by Richardson is in Holinshed, whereas it may be found a full century later in a tract by Andrew Marvell. Dr. Trench has some amusing observations upon the negative evidences with regard to a word's first appearance; arguing that if we can show that a writer did not employ a certain word, when his subject must have presented to him every inducement to employ it, we may infer that it was not then in existence. For the most part this inference may be a fair one, yet it is not so in every case. A certain modern author has thought proper to make use of the phrase "thoroughfaresomeness of stuff," meaning thereby what we generally term the "penetrability of matter." On the principle of negative evidence it may be argued at some future period, that inasmuch as the subject must have presented every inducement to use the phrase "penetrability of matter," and yet the phrase was not used,—*ergo*, it did not exist.

With Dr. Trench's remarks upon the successive modifications of meaning we entirely concur. The inventory of words must comprise also an inventory of meanings, and those meanings must be arranged in their natural succession. The simple cause of omissions in a dictionary we take to arise for the most part not so much from a doubt as to the principles of philology, as from an inability to meet the vast amount of labor required in searching out the details. We should like to see a lexicographer who will steer his bark midway between the Scylla of omission and the Charybdis of redundancy; a course apparently more difficult to find than it might at first be supposed. We should like to have a dictionary the bulk of which is not increased to unwieldiness by the introduction of such words as "acater," "adaw," "afterundertaker," "alcoranish," and "unvulgar." We could also dispense with to "primp," to "dill," to "dit," to "sipe," to "dadder;" we do not care much for the meaning of the words "dodd," "fouty,"

"fram" "frim;" and as for such as "bel-swagger," "mizmaze," "pigheaded," "prickleuse," "wrapsascal," and "fustilug," we shall not think the liberty of speech much endangered by the exercise of dictatorship which turns them out. We should like a better dictionary than those which tell us that "brimstone" is "sulphur," and then reward us for the trouble we have had in turning to "sulphur," by telling us it is "brimstone." We think that the time of a lexicographer may be more profitably employed than in enumerating to us in detail the names of eighty-four different kinds of pears. We smile in amazement on seeing it actually in print that "net-work" means "any thing reticulated, decussated at equal distances." We would admit the words "honied" and "daisied" into our dictionary because we find them in Chaucer, Milton, and Shakspeare; and although the practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the form of participles is irregular, we would let the irregularity pass as a laudable effort on the part of the language to supply the place of an adjective which, if regularly formed, as from "flower" "flowery," would be unpronounceable. We do not feel at all obliged to an English lexicographer for telling us the meaning of the Latin word "pabulum;" especially if he takes credit for it as a new word not given by his predecessors. We think that the word coaxation," invented by Henry More as expressive of the act of croaking on the part of frogs (*κρούξ*), is an unfortunate word to admit at all, especially when we find it explained as the act of "coaxing." We admire the industry with which Richardson has collected and arranged his quotations: but we would have liked it better if he had followed, not the order of writers, but the order of meanings. His definitions, too, seem to us rather scanty; and we would give as an instance the definition of "wit," which surely means something more explicit than "the power or faculty which kens, knows, perceives, understands." By diving into his three columns of quotations we bring up something more to the point; but we should like to have found it without taking the trouble to dive. We should like to meet with a lexicographer equally brief, terse, and lucid in his definitions with the indefatigable Dr. Noah Webster: but we should prefer one who would give us fewer words and a greater number of illustrative

quotations. Though he has discarded a considerable number of Todd's redundancies, there are still too many left; for instance, "anti-monarchicalness," and "anti-patheticalness," and "connaturalness," to say nothing of to "dizz," to "flawter," and the abbreviation "'em" for "them." What occasion is there under the word "alkali" to run through a series of derivative words to the number of fourteen, including such as "alkalifiable," and "alkilinity?" There are at least a hundred and twenty words of which the intensive "all" is a component part, and of which a large proportion, including such words as "all-murdering," "all-piercing," "all-blasting," and "all-dimming," might easily have been spared. Without stopping to argue the point as to whether, in his attempt to bring certain words back to the purity of the Latin, he was justified in spelling the words "favor," "honor," "labor," "valor;" we must protest against the extension of the rule to such words as "neighbor," "harbor," "endeavor," and "behavior." With regard to Dr. Noah Webster's etymologies, we think that many of them, although the fruit of much learned research, are at least doubtful; and that those from the Semitic languages are mere freaks of fancy, realizing in a singular manner the description written by Cowper a quarter of a century before, of

"those learn'd philologists, who chase  
A panting syllable through time and space,  
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark  
To Gaul—to Greece—and into Noah's ark."

We agree with Dr. Trench that much remains to be done with regard to Synonyms; in fact there is no doubt that a due precision in marking the various shades of meaning will bring down the number of actual synonyms to a small proportion of what it appears to be at present.

Dr. Trench estimates very highly, but not more highly than is their due, the value of quotations, illustrative of the first introduction of words and their etymology and their meaning. When a writer in the seventeenth century, for instance, protests against the introduction of the word "suicide" in the place of "self-homicide,"—"because it might seem as well to participate of *sus*, a sow, as of the pronoun *sui*,"—we cannot have a more satisfactory record of the word's first appearance. The value of illustrative and suggestive quotations was well known to Johnson. Al-

though in his selection of them we may trace a predilection for the books which composed his own library, some of which were more estimable for their religious tendency or more acceptable to him for their political sentiments, than intrinsically valuable for literary excellence; and although his acquaintance even with these favored volumes was imperfect, being the result of "fortuitous and unguided excursions,"—as he himself describes the process,—in which all that he did was "to glean as industry should find or chance should direct,"—still, it must be acknowledged that it is by the felicitous use of quotations, no less than by his wonderful faculty of discrimination, and of giving preciseness and force to definition, that his great work came to be regarded as one of unsurpassed authority in the world of letters.

Our friends of the Philological Society can frame no better wish than that their projected dictionary may stand forth in its generation, as noble a monument of learning, acuteness, and industry, as that of the sturdy lexicographer, who pushed on his work, year after year, through difficulties of which he deemed it useless to complain, and brought it to the verge of completion, as he proudly states, "without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor." Their design is a magnificent one, but they will have difficulties of corresponding magnitude to contend with in carrying it out. That a vast amount of materials will be collected there can be no doubt; and these materials, when carefully arranged, will be an invaluable acquisition to the philological literature of England. But beyond the collecting and arranging of materials their prospect is at present, it must be confessed, rather lazy. Assume that all is ready, and that a general plan is laid down for the edifice,—where is the wise master-builder? The hewers of wood and the drawers of water have done their work well, and an abundance of excellent material lies upon the ground—blocks of stone from the various quarries specified in the programme, every block, in the judgment of those who brought it, right in quality and right in dimension. But what if there be others who think differently upon that point? There must somewhere lie a power of arbitration. From the moment that the building begins, the republic must give place to a dictator. Let the dictator have, if it be need-



ful, a board of assessors, three or five in number, with whom he may take counsel in cases of peculiar difficulty; but his power must be paramount, and his decision final. Cases will be constantly recurring in which it will be requisite to draw a line; as for instance, to mark the precise limits of the several eras of the language, as well as of the class of books to be included in those several eras; and the hand that draws this line must

be a firm one. In the whole department of the explanation of words, it is not industrious research alone that will be required, but a commanding intellect. The Philological Society may succeed in extracting an immense mass of materials; but the task of constructing the work is then to begin, if it is to have that authority which we require, and that mark of unity in design and execution which a perfect dictionary must possess.

#### THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Edinburgh: Strahan and Co. London: Hamilton and Adams, 1859.

Mr. Holmes, we believe, is well known among his American compatriots as a great master of the art of conversation. Consequently he has in this book put himself in his right place—swaying the colloquial sceptre at the breakfast table of a Transatlantic boarding house—a position of some considerable importance if you can attain it in America, where people take their meals in public so much more than they do in England, and where, perhaps, in consequence of this habit, a man who can secure a deferential audience at these places of general resort, may be said to have the public ear as much as the potent, grave, and reverend signiors of old Rome, who were from time to time the oracles of the *circuli* that gathered in the Forum.

In America, no doubt, where above all countries a loud and glib charlatan has the best chance, such influence is very often most unworthily bestowed, as on impostors like Elijah Pogram, in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." But Mr. Holmes we are bound to say deserves his supremacy. He is a bold and original thinker, and states his views with humor and acuteness, evidently not having the fear of the numerical majority before his eyes, under which almost all American writers and thinkers are so grievously oppressed.

Consequently we have in these conversations—if that can be called conversation where one of the interlocutors talks and the rest listen—much curious illustration of the thoughts that are now working among the more thinking classes in America. For instance, who would expect a free-born Yankee to utter such sentiments as these on the effects of good blood, and the duty of preserving it in families as far as possible:—

"Lake Erie was close by, and it is so much better to accept asphyxia, which takes only three minutes by the watch, than a *mesaliance*, that lasts fifty years to begin with, and then passes along down the line of descent (breaking out in all manner of boorish manifestations of feature and manner, which, if men were only as short-lived as horses, could be readily traced back

through the square-roots and the cube-roots of the family stem, on which you have hung the armorial bearings of the De Champignons or the De la Morues, until one came to beings that ate with knives and said 'Haow?' that no person of right feeling could have hesitated for a single moment."

Mr. Holmes believes that there is an aristocracy growing up in America. It is merely a moneyed aristocracy at present; but when such an order has lasted a few generations it begins to realize the refinements which belongs to an aristocracy of blood:—

"Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race—I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close back-streets; it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton.

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"The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism. Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate-glass of its windows and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach-panels. It is very curious to observe of how small account military folks are held among our northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus the army loses an element of refinement, and the moneyed upper class forgets what it is to count heroism among its virtues."

Mr. Holmes has a keen perception of the foibles of his countrymen, and speaks his mind out. There is, it seems to us, a vein of this satirical humor forming itself in American society which will be a great institution for the Republic. But there is in this book more than what pertains to America alone. There is lively and homely wisdom for all times and all countries; and there is that too which will touch the feelings of all, as in the portrait of the schoolmistress, a delicate and graceful delineation of this excellence in woman.—*John Bull*.

From the Church of England Quarterly Review.  
ENGLISH HEARTS AND ENGLISH HANDS.

It seems to have occurred to the authoress of "English Hearts and English Hands," that in the lack of service of which the Church of Christ in modern times has to accuse itself towards the masses, there was an influence in reserve which might be called out, and, at all events, fairly tested as to its capabilities for good;—we mean, the influence of the womanly feeling and ladylike culture. In different spots all over England, the same thing has occurred to other ladies, and we hope and believe not in vain. We will allow the authoress of the present volume to tell her own affecting story, with as little interruption from ourselves as possible. But first let us give some not unimportant words of explanation from her "Postscript":—

"This little book is not written for those who are usually called the Working Classes. Its purport as has been said, is to show men and women who are placed by the providence of God in another position of life, how much of high and delicate feeling is to be found amongst that great mass of their countrymen who eat their bread under the heavier portion of the primeval curse. Its object, also, is to suggest how much of that trial may be softened, and of that labor lightened, by the manifestation of a kindly interest in their daily toil and rare pleasures; of a ready appreciation of their better feelings, and of a true sympathy with all that they know of earthly sorrows or of heavenly hope.

"After the publication of this diary had been urged by several persons in whose judgment I have confidence, I still hesitated long from a fear lest its publication might lessen the freedom of future intercourse with its subjects. During the interim, nearly all the men personally named have been removed from any risk of being affected by it, either by emigration or by death.

"With respect to the dead, this book is simply on the same standing as that of another biography.

"No surname of a living man is mentioned. With regard to the possibility of the very few who may be left to recognize their own initials, counsel was taken with two men of sound sense and humble piety who had been navvies themselves, and have since been employed as Scripture readers.

"The first reply to the question, Would the navvies be pained by the publication of these conversations and letters? 'As far as I can say, they would feel a pleasure in your care that they should be put straighter with other people.'

"To the query, Would it be likely to promote vanity in any of them? the other answered with characteristic honesty and simplicity,—

"DEAR MADAM,—You ask me what I think would be the effect of publishing an account of your intercourse with the navvies, whether it would be likely to promote vanity? I cannot see how it could in any one but yourself; and I hope and believe, not that.'

"The originals of these letters which have been introduced were sent to the press, in the first instance, untouched; but, on further consideration, it seemed due to the surviving writers to correct those words which were misspelt, leaving all else intact. It was just possible that those errors in orthography might have been so pointed out to some one of the writers as to occasion pain; and dearly bought, indeed, would have been the preservation of the charm of the truly phonetic spelling chiefly in use, if it had caused the least vexation to one of those honest manly hearts, for the truer or more general appreciation of which this book is sent forth to plead.—Pp. 9-11."

The narrative opens with "Making Friends":—

"Early in the year 1853, a large number of railway excavators, amounting at length to nearly three thousand, were gathered from different parts of the kingdom, to work at the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Many a pleasant meeting took place. Fathers and sons who had hardly expected to grasp each other's hands again, met there; and brothers who had parted in boyhood, to follow their wandering course of life apart, found they were working side by side.

"Nearly two hundred of these men lodged in the village of Beckenham; so, that on visiting the cottages, we heard of them, but seldom met them, as they were generally employed till late in the evening. It was on Sunday, the 13th of March, that I first attempted to seek them out. About seven in the evening, I went to a cottage where several were lodging, and asked for one of the family (whom I had formerly visited in his illness,) as an easy introduction to the strangers. A tall, strong man, in a fustian jacket, opened the door scarcely wide enough to show his face. 'Harry aint here just now.'

"But I suppose I shall see him if I wait, shall I not? I will walk in, if you will allow me.'

"Well, you can, if you like; but we're a lot of rough uns.'

"Oh, thank you, I do not mind that; you will be very civil to me I am sure. Would you get me a chair?'

"An intelligent looking youth darted for-

ward, dusted a chair with the tail of another man's coat, and placed it for me near the table.

"I inquired if any of them had been at church; but not one had thought of it. They listened with attentive interest to an account of Mr. Chalmers' morning sermon, on the occasion of the death of a medical man who had been residing in Beckenham, with a sketch of his history.\* Several of them expressed strong admiration of Dr. R——'s kindness and generosity to the poor, whilst himself worked hard, mentally, for his own support; and the young man, whose name was Edward Perry, said, 'I know that brain labor is harder than hand labor.'—Pp. 3-4.

By and by, we are introduced to individuals among the "navvies," and get glimpses of the work that was doing:—

"About the time of first meeting William G——, I addressed a youth of nineteen or twenty, on my way to the cottage where we assembled on Sunday evening, and asked him his name, etc. His name was John H——. His fair face, straight features, and almost white hair, were eminently Saxon, and he himself the wildest piece of nature I had then seen.

"Will you come to church next Sunday?"

"Church! No; I never goes to such places!"

"Will you come to a cottage where we have a Scripture-reading for Crystal Palace workmen?"

"No; I goes to nothing of that sort."

"Perhaps you would like a little Testament to carry in your waistcoat pocket?"

"I shouldn't mind that."

"Crossing the road, I spoke to another young man, who looked two or three years older, and received the same refusals; but met with fixed attention, when I told him of my father's first sermon, and the story of a man, who was called 'Swearing Tom' before he heard it, and 'Praying Tom' ever after. Turning round I saw John H—— had followed me, and was listening earnestly.

"I'll come now to that 'ere reading you spoke of. Where is it?"

"And so will I," said the other, a ruddy, fresh-faced youth. "I'm Henry, elder brother to he."

"They came, and attended regularly from that day.

"Soon afterwards, I carried the little Testament to John's lodgings; he was not at home. A man and a boy sat on the door-stone, and answered by monosyllables. Presently some street music was heard, and a party of young men rushed down a by-lane, dancing to the measure, with John H—— at their head.

\* The subject of "The Victory Won."

"Holloa, John," shouted the boy from the door-stone, 'yere's our lady.'

"John came back, and eagerly seized his Testament; then sitting down on the door-step, twirled it round between his finger and thumb.

"Now, aint it a rare beauty? I'll cover it with a slice off my best red choker."

"The first time that many of the navvies came to the school-room service, was when my father lectured—the evening after his seventy-eighth birthday. I went about the village inviting our new friends, and found between thirty and forty who were really pleased to come. John brought some friends with him.

"On leaving Beckenham for a few days, I wrote notes in printing characters to several of these men, to request them to attend the house of God regularly. Upwards of thirty responded to the appeal on the next Sunday morning, filling the middle aisle, in their clean, stiff, white slops. News of this was sent to me; so I wrote letters to thank them, and to mention, that on the following Thursday evening a missionary meeting would be held in the school-room. More than forty came. After it was over, I asked John H—— if he had received my letter?

"A letter for me!—all the way from where you went!" And he shouted for the joy. "Well, the postman did bring one, and I said, 'Taint for me. Nobody cares to write to me; so I sent it back. But I'll go and pull the post-office about their ears if they don't give it me back again."

"A few days later, I met John with a noisy, singing party of young men. On the next Thursday evening, when I spoke to him, whilst the school-room bell was ringing for the lecture, he looked very much ashamed, and said in a low tone, 'You aint agoing to ask me to come to the lecture after the way you heard me shouting the other evening? I had been to the "public."

"I was sure of it, John. But still, I want you to come this evening."

"No, never again."

"Why not?"

"Because it don't do to live two lives."

"I know it, John; and that's the reason I want you to come to-night, and to begin all over again. The SAVIOUR of the world invites you to come and be pardoned. Come and hear about him now. Don't put it off. You may never have another Thursday evening."

"I'll come, then. And I'll bring six!"

"True to his word, he came, marshalling six comrades with a leader's pride. From that time, he regularly attended the services and readings.

"Soon after this, it occurred to us that it

would be a pleasant little plan to have a tea-party for our new friends, who, from their wandering life, seem so much cut off from innocent social enjoyments. We also felt it would be an expression of approbation of their attendance upon public worship, and at school-room and cottage-readings. As it was the height of summer, the late hour at which they returned from their work was no hindrance to their accepting invitations to a tea-party, which were duly sent to each man, and were received with a kind of subdued excitement. Orders were given for shirts and smock-frocks (technically termed 'slops') to be washed and starched with double care, and a large supply of soap was bought up for the occasion.

"The school-room was decorated with festoons of flowers, and a button-hole bouquet of geranium and jessamine was tied up with blue ribbon, and laid upon each plate. Long afterwards, I saw some of the flowers carefully preserved in books!

"Whilst we were arranging these important matters, with no small joy we saw William G——'s calm, happy face at the gate. A letter from one of his friends had advised him of the coming event, and he had returned from Windsor to take his seat at the tea-table.

"To a minute, at the appointed time, our friends arrived; each man looking as clean as a baby on its christening day. Faces and hands had been scrubbed till they shone again. They quietly and quickly seated themselves; and no gentlemen in the United Kingdom could have conducted themselves more admirably.

"There was no constraint of manner; on the contrary, perfect ease. There was no loud talking, but many a cheerful remark. Not an expression was used which we could have wished had been otherwise; but the frank and hearty enjoyment of the evening was delightful to see.

"Some good pictures, and a missionary transparency were shown them; and 'God Save the Queen' was sung early in the evening. Towards its close, my father addressed them; and concluded with prayer, and the hymn, beginning—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne,"

in which they all joined with great zest.

"As the clock struck ten, the chief speaker amongst them, after a short conference with the leaders of the party, said, 'We have taken up a great deal of the ladies' time, and had better go now.' Several said, as they went out, 'Never spent a happier evening—never, nohow!'

As they walked through the village, it was

arranged, by universal consent, that not one should be absent from the school-room lecture the ensuing evening. 'It would look so! as if they only came for tea and cake.'

And again, still more definitely:—

"William G—— had been confirmed in his boyhood; and as his life was bearing testimony to the reality of the change in him it was pressed upon him that he should come and partake of the Lord's Supper, with his five mates, on the Sunday following the confirmation.

"A book had been lent him, named 'Thoughts on the Lord's Supper,' by Thomas Doolittle. It had been diligently studied; and William's quiet, consistent walk and conversation was remarked by all his companions.

"On the previous Saturday night, he called to see me. 'I have given up coming to the Lord's Table.' His countenance was sad as he spoke.

"Oh, William, this is a grievous disappointment to me.'

"I knew it would be. And it is worse to me. Beckenham has been, I believe, my birth-place for heaven. So here I would have liked, of all places, to come for the first time for the Lord's Supper. But, you see, I live in the world, and there is a tempting devil, and I have an evil heart. And if I make a slip *after that*, they'll say, 'There goes your Sacrament man.' And it will bring a shame on the name of my Lord. And that I *could* not bear.'

"All this was spoken, as is usual with William, slowly and reverently.

"Well, dear friend, I too live in the world, and have an evil heart, and there is a tempting devil for me. But just for all this, I find the deeper need of obedience to my Lord's last command, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' My feeble faith needs the strengthening; my shallow humility, the deepening; my cold love, the warming, which I find by the Holy Spirit's blessing upon the sacrament of our Lord's Supper. *Never* does sin seem so hateful to me as when I receive the remembrancers of the death it cost him.'

"He listened with fast filling eyes.

"Your faith does not waver, does it, William? You believe in God as your father?"

"Yes."

"In Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

"Yes."

"And in the Holy Spirit, as God willing to dwell with man?"

"Yes; and I have asked him to dwell with me. And what's more, he has come. Only I want more of him."

"I then led him to Mr. Chalmers' study, and asked him to converse with William about his present doubt and difficulty. Mr.



Chalmers said, 'William can you tell me to whom our Lord administered his last Supper?'

"To his twelve Apostles, sir."

"And what did Peter do, within a few hours later?"

"Denied him, with oaths and curses."

"Did our Lord foreknow this?"

"Yes, sir; he must."

"Then, why did he allow him to partake of it?"

"After a few moments' thought, 'I suppose, sir, he knew that he had grace enough left to bring him back again, and set it all straight.'"

"Right, William. And has he not restoring grace, and preserving grace, too, enough for you?"

"Thank you, sir; I see. I believe. I am satisfied. By God's help, I shall come."

"He came. And it was a thing to thank God for, to see his serenely peaceful face as he left the house of God, after his first communion."

"From that time, all who were much with him, took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

"Soon after that Sacrament Sunday, William went to Deptford to work at the docks. But the first Sunday in every month was spent in Beckenham. The two services in the church, and the Sacrament, seemed to be a deep and sacred delight to him; and he never returned at night until after meeting for prayer and reading the Bible at the cottage, which, he said, always seemed 'like his cradle in the new life!'"

"On the first Sunday he dined with the servants at the Rectory; but afterwards ate his own dinner on a stile in one of the meadows. On being pressed to say why he would not come in to dine every Sunday when he had walked over to Beckenham, he replied, 'Why, you see ma'am, the world talks! And if they said, "Here's your Sacrament man coming for his good dinner!" don't you see the harm it would do to the name by which I am called?'"

"One evening he visited with me a man with whom he had worked at the Crystal Palace grounds; and finding he was in distress, slipped back, unperceived by me, to put a sovereign quietly into his hand."

"This must have been an effort of faith as well as a mark of generosity and kindness; for he believed he had just then discovered the loss of thirty shillings, and did not remember that he had left them in the pocket of his working clothes, until after his return to Deptford. This he mentioned to me when I told him that James W—— wished to return part of the money, and inquired whether he really could afford so large a sum. 'Oh,

fairly, thank you, ma'am, and find myself thirty shillings richer than I thought I was.'"—Pp. 26-30.

The authoress had often to act the part of a peace-maker:—

"Just before I had left the Rectory, a basket had been brought me, furnished with writing and working materials, and intended to carry Testaments and tracts. A letter was inside it, from Isaac R——, Thomas Dibley, Thomas Paget, William M——, Frederick E——, and John D——, begging my acceptance of it, 'to remind me of them when they are many miles away.' I found Isaac, Frederick, and Paget, at Mrs. Elliott's. They seemed delighted to see my pleasure in their gift; and Isaac said, 'They hoped the books in that basket would do a power of good to a many souls; though it might be, the books I had given them had not yet done them so much good as they should, by this time.'

"After a pause, and re-examination of the contents of the basket, Paget said, 'I am sorry to say any thing to vex you; but I'd best speak it out. If tall George comes to-night to the reading, I shall order him out.'

"O Paget, why so?"

"Because he said at the works, as I stole a medal off your Christmas-tree, that last tea-party you gave us."

"How very wrong of him! But if I were you, I would not take any notice; even if he said that you stole a hundred. No judge or jury, looking at your honest face, could ever say any thing but "Not Guilty!"

"Paget listened with a broad, hearty smile, which grew into a short laugh of satisfaction; but Isaac could not so easily pass over the affront offered to his friend; so he said,—

"It is very kind of you to have such a good opinion of us; but it is not pleasant to be pointed at all over the works, as him as stole a medal off the Ladies' Christmas-tree."

"No," added Paget, stoutly; 'I'll order George out.'

"Oh, no, Paget! you will not, I am sure. You lend me your room for a church! Now, if anybody were to say, Mr. Chalmers was a thief, he would not order that man out of church, but would let him stay to learn not to bear false witness against his neighbor."

"Well, I see; that's very good, Tall George may stay."

"George, however, was invisible, having taking his place in the inner room. After the little congregation had dispersed, I asked Paget whether he did not think a Sunday, and a New Year's Day in one, would be a delightful day for making up a quarrel; and therefore whether he would forgive George, if he should come and tell him he felt sorry for what he had said?"

"Well, it would be a goodish thing I think."

"On the strength of this I walked back to George's lodging, with William G—, who was waiting with my lantern in his hand, to see me safe within the Rectory gate before he returned to Deptford."

"May I not go back with you and George, ma'am?"

"No, thank you, William. It would make Paget and George think I was afraid of a fight coming on, and wanted you to take care of me. That would never do. It would be all over with my hope of making peace."

"That's true! And God will go with you."

"George was at supper with four fellow-lodgers. He came out of the house to speak to me—standing up like a church tower, in his massive height and strength. 'George, I am sorry about this matter between you and Paget.'

"Well, I daresay you are; but I am not. What business had he to say that I drank ten cups of tea, and ate seven bits of cake at your tea-meeting?"

"Indeed, that was bad manners, George; and I am surprised to hear it of Paget. But if I had been you, I would have answered, if I had eaten a dozen slices of cake, and drank twenty cups of tea, she would only have been the better pleased."

"Well! that would have been a good 'un! I wish I'd thought on't."

"So do I. But if you did not think of a ready answer, you had no right to say that Paget stole a medal. He never said that you stole the seven bits of cake."

"I didn't say he stole it. I said, I seed two medals in his hand, and never seed him put down neither."

"O George, that was almost worse. It was so mean. I could not have thought it of you. And then the next person said he had stolen it—and so the story went round. How sorry you ought to have felt when you heard it."

"No, I wasn't; I was very glad."

"That was very wrong. But you are growing sorry now? Come with me and tell him so."

"No, I can't—no, never."

"Then I shall go home sorry."

"After a short pause, and with a strong effort, he rejoined, 'No, no, you shan't do that, for my doings. I'll go to Paget.'

"When we reached the cottage door, I knocked quickly, for George looked half-disposed to walk away again. Paget opened it, and I said, 'George is come to say he is sorry,' and trusted that Paget would at once shake hands with him, and so that all would be right between them. Paget, however, wished to speak his mind before he gave his

hand; and then there came such loud speaking of mutual reproaches, that I feared a fight would follow, and began bitterly to repent my folly and temerity in bringing the combatants together. Fists were raised and shaken so near each other's faces, and I thought best to glide between, and warn the disputants to stand further off as they spoke. The clamor grew louder and louder, until a pause for breath gave me opportunity for speech. Then I said, 'O Paget, O George, this is terrible. On New Year's night, on Sunday night, and under the roof where half an hour ago we were worshipping God, to have such angry words said! It will not do. It is very sinful. We must have no more. Let us kneel down and pray that the God of peace and love would prove Himself here, to be stronger than the father of strife and hatred, that is the Devil.'

"At first I knelt alone, but soon heard the two men suddenly fall on their knees; and when we rose up, the tears were rolling down Paget's cheeks. 'I'll never say another word about it, after that prayer,' he said. 'I'll forgive him from my heart, out.'"

"George, however, stood with his hand on the latch, and said, 'No, no! I'll never cross my hand on a man's as says he'll put me in the lock-up for a word. I never seed the inside of a gaol in my life, and now to be put in for a few careless words!'

"O George, how can you be so silly? Paget has just said he will forgive you from his heart. He would never Dream, now, of getting you into prison. You *know* he would not. You have both been hot, and have spoken sinful words; but both are sorry for them. I am not going home until I have seen you friends by God's help."

"He stood irresolute, but sullen."

"Give me your hand."

"That I will."

"And now, Paget, give me yours."

"Two huge, rough hands met in mine, and then, independently, shook each other as heartily as if the men had been friends from the cradle, and would be to the grave."—Pp. 38-44.

Numbers of these Crystal Palace workmen enlisted for the Crimea,—“three for the purpose of being within reach of Captain Hedley Vicars,”—and interesting anecdotes of manly self-sacrifice on the part of that Christian soldier are not wanting in the pages before us. But in 1855, a new field for exertion presents itself to this indefatigable lady, and we shall take a few episodes from the history of her labors in it:—

"Scarcely had the latest lingerers amongst the Crystal Palace workmen disappeared from Beckenham, in the spring of 1855, before a

new interest had sprung up for us in the gathering of the Army Works Corps.

"It was formed by the suggestion, and under the arrangement of Sir Joseph Paxton; for whose courteous and cordial readiness to afford us facilities of intercourse with the men, as for that of every gentleman connected with the service, and in particular Mr. Milner, the chief officer at the Crystal Palace department, we shall always feel truly grateful.

"The Corps amounted, from first to last, to nearly four thousand men. The first detachment consisted only of railway laborers, sent out to make themselves generally useful in all works connected with the army and its position in the Crimea, which could be performed by manual labor. But in the succeeding draughts, the numbers of artisans of various kinds, smiths, stonemasons, bricklayers, etc., etc., preponderated above the laborers. The first ship sailed early in July, and the last about the middle of December, 1855. The men assembled to be chosen at the Crystal Palace-office, and remained in the neighborhood until their several embarkations.

"News was brought to the Rectory, on the evening of the 19th of May, that several strangers had arrived to look for lodgings in the village; so we went out to meet them, to begin acquaintance with them at once, knowing that the time would be short for the work before us.

"It had been a sorrowful day; the anniversary of our last parting with Hedley Vicars occurring whilst we were yet in the first freshness of a sorrow which can never grow old. One of his sisters went with me; and we had agreed to plead, for that evening's work, the promise which seemed one of peculiar beauty to us just then, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'

"As we walked through the village we saw a group of young men, who were described to us as 'the roughest lot as ever come to Beckenham.' At the first words addressed to them they looked surprised, and somewhat disposed to walk away; but they soon began to show signs of pleasure in the cordial interest taken in their prospects, and in hearing better information concerning the country they were bound for, than it had been in their power to obtain before. At the first few words about 'another country,' the smile of one bright young face spread into a broad laugh; but before we parted an expression of grave and serious feeling was there instead.

"I briefly told the story of grace touching him whom we had seen for the last time on earth that day year. For a moment one or two seemed disposed to doubt its truth; so I said, 'The young lady by my side is *his sister*.' They almost started; and sympathy, as gently respectful as any man in England could mani-

fest, was expressed in their countenances and manners. An Irishman, called Tom Hagan, said, after a few moments' silence, 'I am not a gentleman like he, but I am a brother, and have a little sister that I love, so I can feel for her.'

"We had their hearts and confidence, then, for we stood upon equal ground. We had met them with friendly interest; they had returned it with generous sympathy. So it was easy to ask and obtain the promise of their attendance in church next day—a promise kept by all; and in the evening we met again for a cottage-reading.

"By Monday night they had added to their numbers for another 'reading,' and listened with earnest attention.

"We went to some of their lodging-houses the next evening to leave some little books. At one of these houses the landlady remarked, 'I have three of the tallest, darkest, wildest men lodging here that I ever set eyes on. But one of them cried like a child for an hour or so after he came back from last night's reading, and said he wished he might have listened to it all night. His name is Richard J——.'

"We promised to wait till he came in; and just then the doorway was filled by a figure of magnificent strength and beauty, whose very royal bearing contrasted rather amusingly with his speech, 'I can't abear to walk into the room where the ladies are sitting; I am so horrible dirty.' He was a man in the meridian of life, named William W——, who had been a private in the 88th Regiment; but was now dressed in the dusty fustian of a working man. He had married a wife in a position of life which he thought somewhat superior to his own, and had purchased his discharge, to obtain, instead, 'waterside work' at his native place, Sunderland. He confided to me that he was sadly troubled in his mind about having left his wife without a word of kindness for a farewell. They had quarrelled; he went out to drink, as too often was his wont, and had been led into the railway carriage by his friends in a state of unconsciousness.

"Had he written to her since, and expressed his regret?"

"He could not write himself, but a mate had done it for him, and she would not answer."

"Should I write at his dictation?"

"His countenance brightened, and the evening and hour were fixed for the purpose.

"When I said a word or two about the misery which sin always brought, he interrupted me by exclaiming, 'Now, don't ye say any more about that. You pressed me so hard about it at the reading, that I could have cried out, and I did when I got back.'

"And did you cry to God?"

"I did; and have prayed that pretty prayer you taught us, every night since."

"Just then the other men came in, and we all knelt down for prayer."

"Ten minutes after I had left these fine, impulsive, full-grown children with tears upon their cheeks, they were fighting with knives!"

"Two letters were lying on the table for the men who came in last. They were from their wives; and these men began to taunt William about the silence of his wife. He could not stand it, and seized his supper-knife. Just as they were attacking each other, the landlady nobly rushed between them, exclaiming, 'Stop, for the lady's sake, stop. It will break her heart to hear of your fight, and after that prayer, too.'"—Pp. 149-153.

William W— does not forget the letter:—

"Punctual to his appointment, William W— came at seven o'clock that Saturday evening. He was shown into the dining-room on his arrival, where I found him taking a lively interest in the portraits on the wall, and the size of the folio volumes in the book-cases. He said afterwards to Mary E—, 'She had me into a sitting-room, and it was just like heaven: such a sight of books, and such a large dinner-table.' A luxury which, I suppose, we can hardly appreciate, without attempting to dine at a cottage dinner-table, some two feet in diameter, encircled by seven or eight children, and at last to find we must retreat to take refuge in a chimney corner, reduced to resting our plate upon our knees."

"When I had brought in my portfolio, and asked William W— to dictate his letter, his look of animated observation was subdued at once into grave thoughtfulness."

"That letter was a sacred confidence between two hearts, of which I was in all honor bound to consider myself but as the mere pen to communicate. But to the high tone, which it conveyed of that man's moral feeling, to his sensitiveness of conscience, to his noble and manly frankness in the confession of that which pressed upon his heart to a wife who was then unsoftened towards him—no description could do justice."

"When I had written three or four pages, he paused, and I inquired what else he would like me to say."

"Nothing more, ma'am, thank you."

"Then how would you like to conclude?"

"Not to conclude yet, if you please."

"I looked perplexed. After a moment's hesitation he added earnestly, 'Please, ma'am, would you work up her feelings a bit?'"

"If your letter fails to do so," I silently thought, "my postscript will be to little purpose indeed."

"However, I saw that his heart was set upon this, and accordingly I added a vivid description of the probable dangers of his life in the Crimea, and suggested that she would not be altogether happy if she should hear of his death there, without having written him one word of forgiving love."

"The combination of letter and postscript did its work well; for she left Northumberland for Beckenham within twenty-four hours after she had received it."—Pp. 157-158.

There is a very charming Story of Flannel Waistcoats, which we must on no account omit to quote:—

"At last came the day in December when the *Jura* was to receive her complement, and to sail for the East. It was the sharpest day of a short, but intense frost. My sister and I, with a beloved young friend, who has since entered into the 'joy of her Lord,' drove over to Deptford, and spent six hours on board the *Jura*, in taking leave of the five hundred. Amongst them were two men whom I have named, John M—, and James P—, whose honest faces had attracted us a few weeks before, in the crowd of men endeavoring to gain admission at the Crystal Palace gates."

"We had then found it unnecessary to write for further testimony to their characters. The documents which they had brought with them had been signed not only by their employers, but also by the rector and curate of the parish, and the two churchwardens. Their countenances alone would have been amply sufficient recommendations,—they literally shone with honest and simple worth. At the time we first noticed them they were almost starving; so we told them to come to the Rectory for supper that evening; and then, finding they had nothing left to pay for a night's shelter, we lodged and boarded them in the village. As soon as they were appointed to the Corps, they commenced laying by the larger portion of their wages to repay us; and had time enough to do so fully. A few days before the *Jura* sailed, they asked to see me, and with some hesitation and fear, 'lest it should be thought taking advantage of kindness,' requested the loan of half a sovereign to each, to enable them to go down to —shire, to take leave of their wives and children."

"The night before the vessel sailed, both came to the Rectory, to repay the loan. 'Are you sure, my friends, that you can afford to give it back?'"

"Quite sure, and thank you ma'am, a thousand times."

"But what have you left for your lodging to-night and breakfast to-morrow?"

"Oh, we've paid our lodging, all's square."

"But for breakfast?"



"A moment's pause ensued; then came the cheerful answer, 'With the good supper we've just made here; and the good dinner we shall get aboard ship, we don't want no breakfast.'

"Of course that arrangement was not permitted to stand. But when we met on board ship, we found that whilst other men had been laying out from ten to twenty shillings apiece in warm vests, John and James had been obliged to do without them to enable them to repay their debts. So there they stood on deck in that biting cold, with nothing warmer than a slop over their shoulders, and with small chance of having the warm clothing, provided by Government, given out for some days. It was not to be borne. So, early in the day we dispatched a messenger for four warm knitted vests from London. Five o'clock came; the darkness of a December night was deepening. Our last farewell words were said; and the last man's hand had been shaken; there was no longer any reason for remaining; yet our messenger had not returned. There was plainly some mistake, and the ship would probably sail before the parcel could now reach our friends.

"The colder blew the night breezes about us, as we drove through Deptford, the more unbearable was the thought of these two men suffering from their high and delicate sense of honor towards us. We drove from shop to shop before any thing like the articles of clothing which we wanted could be found. At last at the fifth shop searched they were obtained. But who was to take them back to the ship? No shopman could be spared.

"Beneath a lamp in the street stood a group of boys. Its light fell on a face which seemed to introduce the sort of messenger I desired. The story was told him. 'Now, my boy, we are strangers, and I do not want to know your name or where you live, nor any clue to either. You might take these vests and make twenty shillings upon them, or give them away to your father and brothers, if you choose. I should never send the police after you. But my confidence in the honor of English boys, which stands so high now, would be broken down. And those two nobly honest men would suffer, and might take cold and go into consumption, and die; and their wives and children break their hearts about them.'

"The boy's eyes flashed under the lamp-light, and snatching the parcel, he said, 'Trust me, I'm the boy for it.'

"Eighteenpence happened to be the worldly all we had with us, after paying for the vests. I told him how sorry I was for this; but that it would pay his boat each way, and he would have sixpence and a happy heart to lie down with at night.

"It's a plenty. Father's a waterman. I shall get his boat for nothing. All's right!' and off he ran.

"A note had been enclosed in the parcel to one of the officers with whom I had had some conversation, requesting him to send me one line by post that night or next morning, to say that the parcel had reached its destined owners.

"The next day passed, and the next, but no letters came from the *Jura*. We read in the *Times* that she had sailed on Thursday morning. The day posts of Saturday arrived, but brought no news of the parcel.

"My trust failed. 'My boy is dishonest,' I said; 'and my confidence in human honor can never be the same again.'

"But by the last post on Sunday evening came a note from the officer alluded to, to say that about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a boy had brought a parcel on board, and had requested permission to deliver it to two men, named James P—— and John M——, in the presence of the captain of the ship, the chief officer of the Corps, and the medical officer.

"Having discharged his duty, the last sound heard amidst the splashing of his oars, as he left the ship's side, was the shout, 'Tell that ere lady I kept my word, and the jackets was in time.'

"All honor to the English boy, who sustained my right to trust my brothers, young or old. The world is not so wide, but we shall meet again, I hope; and meet when we may, the trusty and the trusting will be friends.—Pp. 244-249."

Our last extract shall be the author's own summary of the appeal which her book is intended to make:—

"In a word, what I now plead for, with those who are called, and not without reason, 'the privileged classes' of this country, is:—When navvies, or any other laborers either in fields or factories, are within your reach, meet them with a frank and genial friendliness. Alleviate their discomforts as far as lies in your power. Provide some little innocent pleasure—a tea-party, for instance\*—from

\* Amongst the series of tea-parties given at Beckenham, whilst the first edition of this book was in the press, about 400 railway-men were entertained in succession. Their quiet enjoyment was scarcely more pleasant to witness than the hearty and cheerful satisfaction which it afforded to their foreman, time-keepers, store-keeper, and a resident contractor, to whose friendly and able assistance, with that of our kind-hearted police, and a few other willing hands, the success of the entertainments was chiefly owing. Good specimens of art, such as Roberts' Views of Palestine, are unfailing sources of pleasure on these occasions. Not a few of the men show real taste in their choice of pictures.

time to time, for their hard-worked existence. Above all, seek to secure to them their Sabbaths; and hold forth to them the word of life. Give them Bibles or Testaments; and if the navy's name be written therein, with a few words of friendly dedication, he will starve rather than part with it at any price.

"If the hearts of my countrymen and countrywomen have warmed towards their working brothers, whilst reading these brief records of a few years' intercourse with them, let not the generous fire die out with the close of the book. If individual efforts, so light and easy, have resulted by the blessing of God, in so much that is cheering and hopeful, what might not be effected if the educated and refined class of this country determined, in dependence upon divine help, to draw out the higher and nobler feelings of the less favored classes; setting themselves gently, patiently, steadfastly to work, to eradicate the notions of distrust, suspicion, and envy, too generally entertained by the poor towards the rich; until both should practically realize the sentiment well and wisely expressed by a gifted writer of the present day, 'O ye rich, respect the poor. O ye poor, have charity for the rich.'

"Above all, O favored ones, who have the knowledge of the glad tidings of the redemption of the world by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, bringing glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men, God forbid that *you* should shut up in your own hearts this message of life and peace, instead of giving it in its fulness to every fellow creature within your reach. If you have *but once* heard of it for yourselves, you are bound to bid others welcome to drink of the river of the water of life. 'Let him that heareth say, Come.'

"If you have long ago learned to love the gospel of Jesus Christ, but the fervor of that first love has fled, speak to others of your half-forgotten Saviour, and you shall find that there is a life-giving power in the name of Jesus to restore vitality to your own chilled soul.

"A traveller was crossing mountain heights alone, over almost untrodden snow. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shades and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself; in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate, his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that; although no stone

could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his chest and hands and brow; breathing upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of his living soul; blessing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself, life, warmth, and energy. He was a man again; instead of a weak creature succumbing to a despairing helplessness, dropping down in a dreamless sleep to die.

"He saved his brother, and was saved himself.

"'Go thou,' in the strength of the Lord and Giver of Life, 'and do likewise.'"—Pp. 353-356.

"English Hearts and English Hands" is written in good, transparent English, and it must be a cold heart that does not catch the contagion of the spirit of truly Christian tenderness which animates every page. We fear the author judges too sanguinely of the moral material she had to deal with, but that is a noble mistake. Would God it were more frequently made! Her book furnishes the best exemplifications we have seen of the *spirit* in which the evangelization of the masses by private, individual effort must be attempted. We do not desire to see every Christian lady with a few hours and sovereigns to spare trying to do what this particular lady has done; for all crude imitation is bad and unproductive. But it is a serious question for the Church, whether it may not usefully enlist the influence of such *deaconesses* with a difference, to a much greater length than she ever yet done. But we are only just beginning to spell out lessons in these matters. The Evangelist is not, as yet, fairly face to face with the Worker; he has much to learn and to unlearn before he will be so, whether we consider him as a public preacher, or as a visitor at the homes and haunts of the *quasi-para*hs of our civilization. May God forbid that we should fancy we know our work thoroughly, when we have only just begun to lay our hands upon it! Our parting word shall be that, next to a Christlike love for the work in itself, we rate as the highest of the qualifications of the Evangelist for the people, warm, hearty human sympathies, not afraid of the elemental facts of life, and a varied objective culture of the intellect.

## VIOLETS.

WHEN first I pluck'd the violet  
 It was a sunny day in March,  
 White clouds like frosted silver met  
 The azure of the boundless arch;  
 The fresh rills danced, the blithe birds sung,  
 So did my heart, for I was young.

Thenceforth its very name could fill  
 My childish mind with golden beams,  
 With leaf-buds on a wooded hill,  
 And dazzling clouds, and glitt'ring streams,  
 With all the sounds and feelings gay  
 Of that bright, breezy holiday.

But I grew up to toilsome hours,  
 In a dim city closely pent,  
 Then, through the spring, my fav'rite flowers  
 My mother in her letters sent:  
 And so sweet thoughts of her and home  
 Would with their fragrance only come.

Until, at last, with other sweets,  
 It gather'd round the precious name  
 Of one who brought me violets;  
 So oft, glad evenings when he came  
 Their scent to me his presence bore,  
 Before my hand could ope the door.

Thence their rich breathing spake alone  
 Of hope and tenderness and truth;  
 Six waiting years had come and gone,  
 And we had passed our early youth,  
 Ere Poverty, a captive led,  
 Kneel down to Love, and we were wed.

He brought me to his cottage fair:  
 Our wedding-day, brings spring again:  
 A golden joy is in the air,  
 Each waving branch new welcomes rain,  
 And early flowers our garden round  
 Murmur soft blessings from the ground.

We climb the hill behind the house,  
 To show me where the violets grew;  
 Each tiny stem seems tremulous  
 With blissful thoughts both old and new.  
 We are so happy there alone,  
 Feeling, at last, each other's own.

So clung about our happiness  
 Those wild-flowers seem'd, that when our boy  
 Was born, around his christening dress  
 I wove them; so a sacred joy  
 Mingled amid the spirit wreath  
 That flutter'd to their lightest breath.

My child! I see him plainly now  
 As any time his eight bright years.  
 His soft eyes, the changeful glow,  
 Too delicate for this world's tears;  
 And so perhaps the angels knew:  
 Alas! *they* gather blossoms too.

One morn I watch'd him out of sight,  
 Nodding to me his pretty head;  
 He went for violets up the height—  
 Neath a steep cliff we found him *dead*.  
 For me he'd climbed its side to cull  
 The flowers of which his hands were full.

I drew them from those fingers small:  
 Ah! then upon our fav'rites fell

The sombre shadow of the pall.  
 I could not bear their sight or smell;  
 The passion of a mighty grief  
 Was written on each purple leaf,  
 I learn'd within a few more years,  
 To dread the time of violets;  
 For its keen breath woke shudd'ring fears  
 That darken'd o'er the old regrets.  
 Of all I loved, the last, the best  
 Was passing slowly to his rest.

Veiling the grave with hopes so fair,  
 That when that gentle husband died,  
 I could believe his love and care  
 Lived round me still intensified.  
 Heaven open'd o'er that long decay,  
 And then I saw how near it lay.

The violets of our courting-time  
 I placed upon his shrouded heart,  
 The while I bless'd thee, Faith sublime,  
 Strong and far-reaching as thou art!  
 Those dry leaves linking by thy spell  
 To amaranth and asphodel.

And looking back, and looking round,  
 I know no life so fair as mine:  
 Therein such depths of joy abound,  
 Beauty and love so round it shine,  
 That depths of trouble too were given,  
 Or else I had not valued Heaven.

And my heart feels its strange relief  
 To have its old love-struggle done  
 'Twixt child and husband with this grief  
 The horror from the violets gone,  
 Now Immortality hath kiss'd  
 Each leaf of fragrant amethyst.

And round their graves have violets sprung:  
 Yes, I can tend them, for I know  
 Each feeling 'mid their blossoms hung  
 Shall live again, except the woe;  
 And in that glad assurance blest,  
 I wait my entering into rest.

—Household Words.

## TO THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II.

ON HIS MEDIATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

In thy brief rule what Christian glories shine,  
 O generous despot! when the storm of war,  
 That rag'd at thine accession, died afar,  
 Then did thy spirit heed the call divine,  
 And thy voice answered, and thy realms with  
 thine,  
 "Henceforth the serf be free!" Each rescued  
 slave  
 Rose up a willing subject, prompt to brave  
 Death for his country and its royal line.  
 Lo! now the foe that storm'd thy citadel,  
 The ally that stood aloof in danger's hour,  
 Stand front to front, while dark the war clouds  
 lower.

What voice but thine is heard, the strife to quell?  
 O Prince; one further glory make thine own;  
 Raise bleeding Italy, who kneels before thy  
 throne!

Dorchester, April 9th, 1859.

S. G. B.

—Transcript.

## HAUNTED.

COME, fill my goblet up with wine,  
 My little page with dusky eyes,  
 And pile those purple grapes on high,  
 Till the red light upon them lies.  
 Bring hither all your daintiest cates,  
 And cordials, perfumed even yet:  
 Wheel up the little stand of books;  
 'Tis luxury makes the heart forget!

Come when you hear the silver bell.  
 Now, sparkling offspring of the vine,  
 You have no griefs nor cares to tell,  
 So teach me how to conquer mine!  
 My golden poet sing some song  
 To make the hours more quickly fly.  
 What sayst thou? "Man would be blest,—  
 But love and sorrow never die!"

Now, what a moonsick plaint is this!  
 Why, he who'er could make them last,  
 Through our poor human life, deserves  
 To have his bust in opal cast!  
 They've died a thousand deaths, with me,  
 And each one took a different way.  
 I drink the latest one of all,—  
 The love I lost "the other day."

The latest, deepest one I knew,  
 And only lost "the other day."  
 So gladly won, so sadly lost,  
 It took life's sunshine quite away  
 Well, let it go! the moon remains;  
 Her light is quite enough for me,  
 And better that it sometimes lulls  
 This gnawing pain of memory.

Melt in my mouth, O luscious grape!  
 O cordials, rich and rare and strong,  
 I take you for the sage's thought,  
 I take you for the poet's song!  
 Preach, then, a sermon! As I sip,  
 Let each drop sparkle up again!  
 Alas! alas! you kiss my lip,  
 But have no skill to heal my pain!

Even as the jewell'd glass is raised,  
 The deep dark eyes I held so dear  
 Look into mine! there comes a voice,—  
 The well-known voice I used to hear!  
 O poet! it was truth you sang:  
 No luxury yet could ever buy  
 One draught from Lethe's fabled stream,  
 "For love and sorrow never die!"

—Household Words.

## THE OLD CATHEDRAL BELL.

THE old cathedral bell,  
 In its lofty, dusty tower,  
 For ages has its solemn knell  
 Proclaimed the passing hour,  
 With its steady song,  
 "Ding dong,"  
 Echoing the vaulted aisles along.

On massive oaken beams  
 Doth the mighty monster swing,  
 But each a bending osier seems  
 When the bell begins to ring,  
 And its echoing song,

"Ding dong,"  
 Shakes the old tower that has held it long.

'Twas many a year ago  
 The ancient bell was young,  
 And with solemn rite and priestly show  
 In its lonely dwelling hung,  
 Since then its song,  
 "Ding dong,"  
 Hath monarchs' deaths and victories sung.

War, has its voice proclaimed,  
 And discord's fiery brand,  
 And battle, rout, and carnage named,  
 Wide spreading o'er the land,  
 When its bellowing song,  
 "Ding dong,"  
 Has blanched the weak, and nerved the strong.

Now tolled in midnight deep,  
 Now rung in noontide ray,  
 Ushering a king to death's long sleep,  
 A new-born prince to day,  
 Still clear and strong,  
 "Ding dong,"  
 Unchanged its voice through centuries long.

The old cathedral bell,  
 It laughs at pomp and power;  
 Oft has it struck their passing knell—  
 Vain creatures of an hour—  
 Obtained by wrong,  
 "Ding dong,"  
 All full of care, nor lasting long!

The beggar in the dust,  
 It raises by its voice:  
 "In God thy Maker trust;  
 Rejoice in Him, rejoice—  
 Be firm and strong,  
 "Ding dong,"  
 Trial is short, and victory long!"

A lesson loud and clear,  
 It teaches all its days:  
 "Do steadily thy duty here,  
 And send to Heaven thy praise!  
 So shall thy song,  
 Like my 'Ding Dong,'  
 At last be loud and clear and long!"

—Chambers's Journal.

G. H. P.

## ONE LESS.

SILENT we stood by the window,  
 Watching the twilight fall.  
 Till the cool gray shadows of evening  
 Had gathered over all.

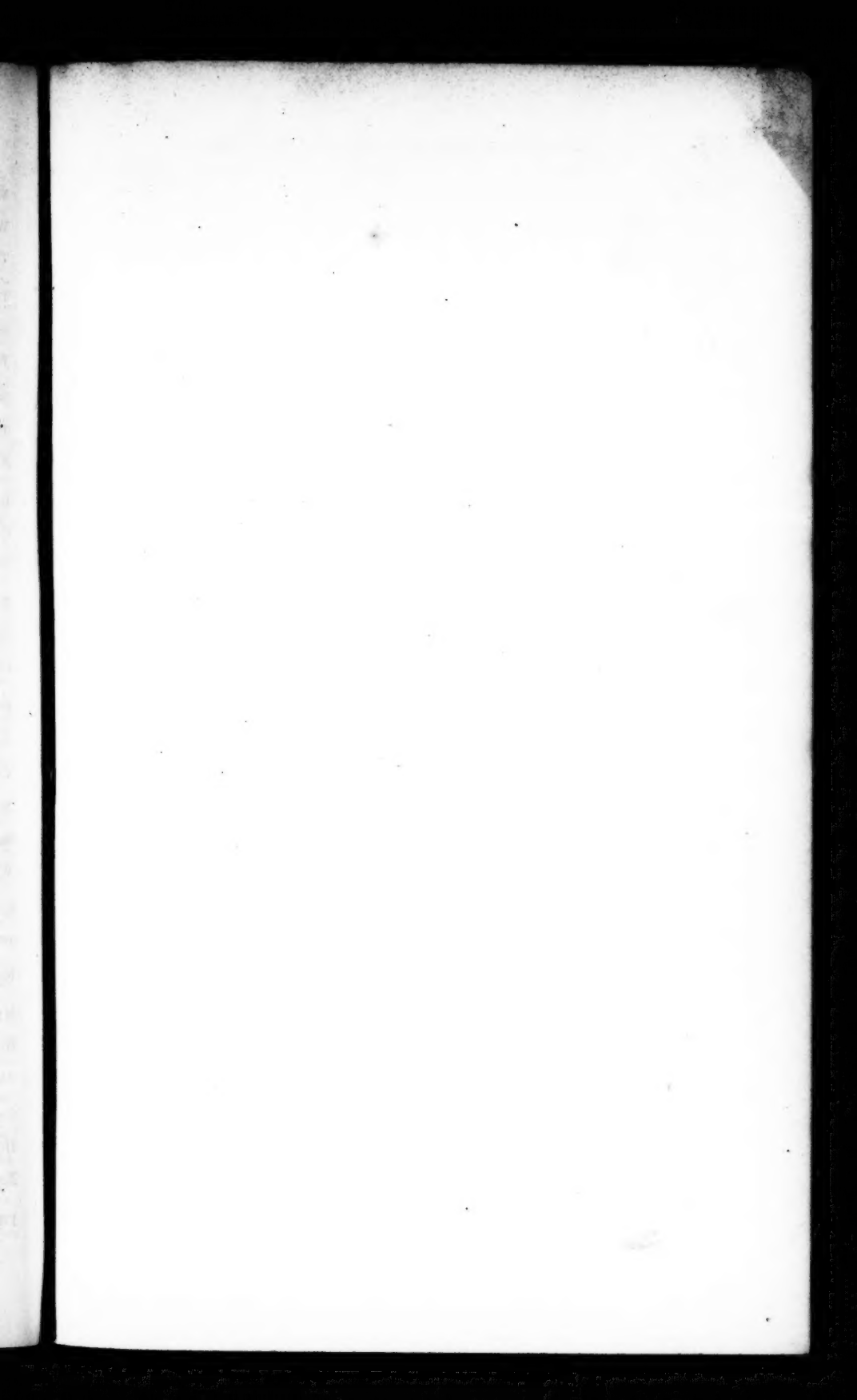
And now the lamp has been lighted,  
 And the fire burns warmly and bright,  
 How sadly our thoughts still wander  
 Without to the cold, dark night.

There are children playing around us,  
 As in many a bygone year,  
 But one little voice is missing,  
 Which we never more shall hear.

The parlor is warm and lightsome,  
 But without, how the night-windings rave!  
 And we think of the darkness falling  
 Round a little lonely grave.

A. D. L.







A 1840 & 1841 portrait by Mayall, London.

J. Hall.

Wm. J. F. W. Hall.

19. 07. 2002. 511T—5001, 7.01.83—02.01.

... ..

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
 2. second of these is the fact that the  
 3. third of these is the fact that the  
 4. fourth of these is the fact that the  
 5. fifth of these is the fact that the  
 6. sixth of these is the fact that the  
 7. seventh of these is the fact that the  
 8. eighth of these is the fact that the  
 9. ninth of these is the fact that the  
 10. tenth of these is the fact that the

ROCKS EXPOSED.